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THE GERMAN ARMY BILL.

THE absence of Prince BISMARCK deprived the debate on the Army Bill of much of its interest. He may have been too unwell to feel capable of making a serious effort, or, as his admirers themselves seem to have calculated, he may have thought that the part of a peaceful, commonplace speaker was beneath him. If the Bill was not to be made the occasion of a general review of the policy of Europe and Germany, a much humbler person could say all that was to be said in favour of a measure which introduced no novelty, and which no one seriously opposed. It was evident that, before the debate came on, peace had been decided on. The influence, whatever it may have been, which succeeded in publishing an official denunciation of the alarming notices of Russian preparations, ultimately prevailed, and it was determined that Germany should claim once more to be regarded as the special and perpetual protectress of European peace. When, as Count MOLTKE said in the course of the debate, has the German MICHAEL ever drawn his sword except to defend his skin? The question is difficult to answer, because the German MICHAEL has only had his new sword—the sword of the German Empire—for ten short years. During these ten years the sword has not been drawn, but it was very near leaping out of its scabbard in 1875. Then, too, it was his own honest skin that MICHAEL prepared to defend. The interests of his skin seemed to demand that he should slash the skin of JACQUES BONHOMME before his adversary had had time to buy himself a sword long and strong enough to defend himself with. There are exceptions, but there are very few exceptions, to the rule that all wars are defensive in the eyes of those who make them. Even NAPOLEON, when he wanted employment for his troops and distraction for his subjects, invariably represented himself as plotted against, not plotting, and as forced by circumstances over which he had no control to defeat by anticipating the machinations of his enemies. No one doubts that, if Prince BISMARCK wished for war, he would give MICHAEL to understand that his skin was very much in danger. The alarm which Prince BISMARCK has created has been due, not in the least to the new measure of defence which he has recommended to the German Parliament, but entirely to the language he has thought proper to use or authorize in regard to it. What terrified Europe was that this language had all the appearance of the language that usually precedes offensive wars made under colour of being defensive. Why did Prince BISMARCK adopt or sanction this language? Partly, no doubt, to stir MICHAEL up and make him pliable and obedient for the sake of his skin; but also in part, it may be conjectured, to assert his position in Europe, and to remind the world that he could make war if he pleased. The time is not very distant when, in much the same way, Europe was taught to hang on the lips of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and tried to spell the future out of his New Year utterances. The secret of his authority was that he had managed to persuade Europe that he was more ready to fight than any one else. France was taken to be the Power least reluctant to go to war, and the EMPEROR seemed to blow war or peace as he pleased. To secure a recognition of this attitude towards Europe is to command such innumerable advantages in diplomacy that it is not surprising if Prince BISMARCK should take some trouble to remind the

world that the mantle of the French EMPEROR has fallen on his shoulders.

If the Army Bill needed to be defended, it could not have had a better defender than Count MOLTKE. The German army is based on a percentage of the population, and as the population has increased, the natural question is not why the army should be increased, but why it should not be increased? Are there any reasons why Germany should virtually reduce her army? It is calculated, and Germans accept the calculation, that one per cent. of the population devoted to active service is, with proportionate reserves, sufficient to defend the country. If the army is not increased as the population increases, it follows that less than one per cent. is thought sufficient. It is true that nothing could better illustrate the enormous size of modern armaments than the fact that the mere increase of the German population in the last few years involves an increase of 20,000 men in the army, or, with the proportionate reserves, 90,000 men. This in itself might be called an army, according to the standard of old times. But, if the population has increased, this addition carries with it no new strain on the population. Can, then, this increased population afford to dispense with the amount of defensive power which its numbers would, according to the German system of calculation, suggest? It might be said that 400,000 men could defend forty-two millions of people as well as forty millions. Whether it would or not must depend altogether on the peculiar circumstances of the country in question. In England we do not increase our army as our population increases, for we think, rightly or wrongly, that our defensive power on land is sufficient to protect our population, although this may be much larger than it used to be. But this is because we trust primarily to our navy; and Englishmen of all parties look to the Government to measure the force of other navies, and always to furnish England with a navy greatly superior to any other. In the same way Germans who ask themselves whether their army can be reduced must look at the position of Germany in Europe, and also at the movements of other Powers. This is no challenge to other Powers; it is merely a piece of common sense, just as it is a piece of common sense that we should ask ourselves what the navies of France, of Italy, or of Germany are like before we decide what our own navy is to be like. Count MOLTKE laid great stress on the exceptional position of Germany as alone having great Powers on all its borders. It is true that France has nothing to fear from Italy, Spain, Switzerland, or Belgium, and that experience has shown that English descents on the French seaboard come to very little. France has only to guard against Germany, although it ought to be taken into account that, in saying this, French skins and not French interests are recognized. Germany has nothing like Algeria, like the French colonies, like the traditional interests of France in Italy, Syria, and Egypt. But it is only France that is thus favourably situated. Austria bordered by Germany, Italy, Russia, and territories formerly or now forming part of Turkey, is much worse off than Germany in point of dangerous neighbours. Russia, again, is pre-eminently exposed to attack, however secure she may seem to be against serious invasion. Her possible enemies encompass her over something like the space of a hemisphere. To say nothing of Turkey, China, England, and the hosts of

savages whom she has half conquered, half alarmed, her geographical position makes her extremely open to attack from a coalition of Germany and Austria. When he referred to the past, Count MOLTKE was unanswerable. When Germany was disunited, she was the easy prey of the foreigner. MICHAEL was always having his skin slashed, not only by Frenchmen and Swedes, but by other MICHAELS who ought to have kept their hands off him. But Germany is united now, and forty-two million MICHAELS are ready to fight for themselves and each other. United Germany, too, has many advantages besides its paramount advantage of union. It can concentrate its forces much more rapidly than Austria or Russia can. The completeness of its network of communications enables it to send its forces here and there as it pleases; and while it has a navy which for offensive purposes is by no means contemptible, its coast-line is easily defended. Altogether, it may perhaps be said that, if France stands first, Germany stands second, among the Great Powers in the advantage of its position.

But when Count MOLTKE points to the actual forces of Russia and France, and shows how very great and imposing they are, there is nothing to say except to acknowledge that Germany has no very good reason for declining to allow the increase of her population to be accompanied by a corresponding increase in her army. France has now a very large force at her disposal. In the last war she had eight army corps, she now has nineteen; she then possessed twenty-six infantry divisions, she now has thirty-eight; she then had twenty-six cavalry brigades, she now has thirty-seven. Count MOLTKE summed up by saying that the effective strength of the French army was double what it had been in 1870. Russia, too, has a largely increased army. She has twenty-four new reserve infantry divisions and twenty-four reserve artillery brigades, and a fourth battalion has been added to a hundred and fifty-two foot regiments. These are very good reasons for urging that the German army shall not be reduced—that is, that it shall follow the standard of population. When the demand for what is called an increase, but what is really a supplementing, of the German army according to a recognized scale is put in this modest way, neither Germans nor outsiders have anything to say against it. In the same way, when the minor portions of the Army Bill are studied, it is entirely for the military authorities of Germany to say whether more officers are required, whether a longer time of active employment is needed for the reserve, and whether three years is not the shortest time in which a recruit can be drilled into a really effective soldier. The German army is strong, not only in numbers, but in the perfection of discipline, in its intelligence, and in its habits of obedience. If one per cent. of the population is to serve under arms, it must be for the good of the country that the one per cent. that serves should be as effective as possible. But, after all, this very effective army is a great burden to the country; and Count MOLTKE, who is much more than a mere strategist, and knows too much of war to underrate its horrors, could not satisfy himself or his hearers without showing that he had studied the very grave questions of the permanence of the military burdens which weigh down all Continental nations, and of the real safeguards against war. He expressed the greatest distrust of all philanthropic and humanitarian movements in the direction of peace, and said that a strong Government alone could decide when partial disarmament was possible, and that the best safeguard against war was a strong Government with a strong army. He showed that wars had arisen, or might arise, from the Government of the country which made war being too weak to resist a popular longing for war. He did not name the Governments which have been or may be too weak; but it did not need names for his hearers to understand to what Powers he was referring. France may hanker after revenge. Russia has been swept away, and may be swept away again, by a Panalavist movement. Italy may burn to reclaim provinces which Italians with a vague knowledge of history state to be Italian. So far Count MOLTKE was quite justified in what he said. War often comes from a people forcing the hand of a weak Government; but he omitted to notice that war also often comes from a strong Government forcing the hand of a people. The Danish and Austrian wars of Prussia were entirely wars of the Government, not of the people; and so were the Crimean war, and especially the Mexican

war of France. After the Empire was established all the wars of the first NAPOLEON were wars of the sovereign. The French invasion of Spain under the Duke of ANGOULÊME, the premature attack of Austria in 1859, the conquest of Algeria, were altogether wars of the Government, not of the people. It is precisely because Prince BISMARCK often seems so much stronger than the German EMPEROR and the German people that Europe is perpetually disquieted as to what Prince BISMARCK may do next. Even in a free nation like England, the rule is that the Government makes war and the people acquiesce in the war because they reasonably think that the Government knows best when war must be made. The Chinese war, the Abyssinian war, the Ashantee war, the Afghan war, were all Government wars. The Zulu war was not even a Government war; it was the war of a minor Government official. As a rule, it may be said that all wars made by a Government are approved or acquiesced in by the people, unless they happen to be disastrous. Prince BISMARCK was only exaggerating a little when he said that he staked his head on the success of the Austrian war. If Prince BISMARCK now told MICHAEL that, to save his skin, he must invade France or Russia, he would only need success to be more idolized than ever, and he would not even risk his head in case of a reverse. The increase in the German army is perfectly justifiable; but we cannot find much comfort in Count MOLTKE's theory of the essentially pacific character of strong Governments.

RUSSIA.

THE peaceable celebration of the Emperor ALEXANDER'S twenty-fifth anniversary proved that the audacity of Russian conspirators and the inefficiency of Russian police arrangements, though extraordinary, are not supernatural nor infinite. Although the attempted crime of the following day shows that Nihilist menaces are sometimes the expression of a deliberate purpose, the threats of explosions and conflagrations to take place on the 2nd of March were probably unconnected with any more serious design than the hope of forcing the EMPEROR and the Government into some exhibition of undignified panic. Incendiaries and assassins are not likely to aggravate the chances of detection by announcing beforehand the place and the date of their criminal attempt. In 1848 the English promoters of a much milder form of sedition issued a similar notice or challenge for the 10th of April. The respectable inhabitants of London consequently organized themselves for the suppression of possible disturbance, and the Government took the necessary military precautions; but, when the appointed day arrived, the mob was content to forward a petition to the House of Commons, and the principal result of the crisis was a general and not unpleasant holiday. Under the protection of a police which cannot but have taken warning by recent events, and of a great military force, the EMPEROR has been able to receive in safety the congratulations and good wishes of his subjects. There is no reason to doubt that the loyal enthusiasm of the assembled multitudes was sincere, and that it represented the feelings of the vast mass of the population of the Empire. The murderous attack on Count LORIS MELIKOFF on the following day afforded a terrible illustration of the power of mischief which may be exercised by one desperate man, and still more by a secret body disposing of the services of a succession of more or less willing agents; but there is as yet no sufficient proof that any large class of the community is irreconcilably disloyal. As far as it is at present possible to judge, the nature of the outrages perpetrated shows that the active conspirators are few in number, although their grievances and some of their aspirations may not be confined to themselves. There is no indication of complicity on the part of the populace of the towns; and the peasants are believed to retain their unqualified devotion to the EMPEROR. Both the moderate and the extreme malcontents belong to the educated classes, in which a desire for some share in the government of the country may be expected to prevail. Only fanatics and wild adventurers can hope to attain any political object by murder and arson.

It is possible, but scarcely probable, that the outrage in the Winter Palace may have interfered with the concession of some constitutional reform. The acts of grace which were thought appropriate to the day have consisted in remissions of Crown debts and of the punishments for petty

offences, and of honorary or official promotions. The only administrative innovation is not in the direction of freedom, as it consists in the appointment of a dictator, with unlimited powers, criminal as well as civil. The office created for Count MELIKOFF is evidently temporary, though its duration is not limited by the EMPEROR'S decree. When the devolution of absolute power on a single delegate is no longer thought necessary, hopes of constitutional legislation may perhaps revive. In the meantime no organic change has been even provisionally made. The stream of despotic power can rise no higher than its source. The control over person and property which is vested in Count MELIKOFF must have been already inherent in the Sovereign from whom he derives his commission. In a certain sense the appointment is a higher and more transcendental act of authority than the exercise by the EMPEROR himself of the same powers. The Crown and Parliament of England could not transfer to any other authority the right of general legislation. Count MELIKOFF is empowered to define criminal acts, to determine the penalties, and to pronounce judgment and sentence. If he entertains doubts on any point, he may, at his discretion, ask instructions from the EMPEROR; but no appeal is allowed to any subject. If Count MELIKOFF deserves his reputation as a temperate and prudent administrator, he will as seldom as possible deviate from the ordinary course of proceeding. The regular Courts will supply the most convenient machinery for the administration of justice, and the supplementary process of deportation or imprisonment without trial has long been practised by the police. The employment of juries in criminal cases will necessarily be suspended, and probably it will not be hereafter revived. The institution appears not to be suited to Russian character or tradition, even when the jurors are, as in the trial of VERA SASSULITCH, taken from the upper classes. In more civilized parts of the Continent it has sometimes been difficult to convince juries that they are not entrusted with discretionary powers. It is not desirable that assassins should enjoy impunity because a jury may think the police deserving of censure.

There is great difficulty in relaxing the absolutism which exists in Russia. The classes which desire some admixture of constitutional government might perhaps supply competent advisers to the EMPEROR in his administrative and legislative capacity; but, possessing no political weight in the country, they cannot offer the Government independent support against disaffection or revolution. The functions of an Assembly, or of a consultative Council, would always be dependent on the will of the EMPEROR, although he might have formally denuded himself of the prerogative of revocation. The army and the police to a man would obey him in preference to any rival authority; and, if his supremacy were thought to be endangered, he could at any moment resume absolute power by an appeal to the people. The nobles, the public functionaries, the mercantile and professional classes, are nothing in the estimation of the peasantry and the clergy in comparison with the semi-divine Czar. Any restriction on his executive omnipotence, even if it had been imposed by himself, would be unanimously rejected as an impious usurpation, if it were maintained against his will. The simplest and least invidious check on autocracy would be the establishment of a Cabinet appointed on the advice of a Prime Minister and responsible to its chief. It is thought that the mere suggestion of such an arrangement, with Count SCHOUVALOFF as Premier, has for the time alienated the EMPEROR from his former favourite, who is at the same time his ablest counsellor. A corporate Ministry would probably have enabled the EMPEROR to resist the mischievous pressure which drove him against his apparent will into the Turkish war. If it is true that he has now resolved to discourage the Slavonic agitation, he would act wisely in providing himself with support which, though not independent, would be in some degree external. The opportunity of reorganizing the superior administration cannot be long delayed, though the aged CHANCELLOR still clings to office.

There is some reason to hope that the Russian Government will not at present recur to the hackneyed device of diverting a dangerous agitation into the channel of foreign aggression or war. The rumour of an impending rupture with Germany was from the first incredible; and there seems to be no immediate risk of a collision with England

in Asia. The questionable project of a Persian occupation of Herat is apparently abandoned, and the scheme of splitting up Afghanistan into two or three Principalities is disavowed by the Government, though some measure of the kind may perhaps eventually be found unavoidable. The Russian expedition against the Turcomans will be prosecuted with vigour, and probably to a successful issue; but the newspapers are at present instructed to represent the enterprise as unimportant, for the apparent purpose of conciliating English jealousies. Nothing is known of the nature of the overtures which are said to be made through Prince LOBANOFF with a view to an amicable arrangement of English and Russian pretensions in Central Asia; but, if both parties are sincerely desirous of peace, it will not be impossible to settle terms of compromise. It is true that Russia would expect to receive some equivalent for any concession which may be made; but a diplomatic bargain, like a private contract, necessarily involves covenants by both parties. There is at present no reason to suppose that any negotiation which may be instituted will be liable to disturbance by reason of a personal change in the Russian Government. The Emperor ALEXANDER is about to retire, as usual, to Livadia; and he has not announced any purpose of abdication. The family discords and jealousies which are said to have lately disturbed his Court and household have probably been imagined or greatly exaggerated. It is not known that the members of the Imperial family resent the appointment of Count MELIKOFF, which in no manner affects their interests. If no further conspiracies occur, the extraordinary measures which have been adopted will be gradually discontinued; but the attempted assassination of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL renders it impossible to hope for an early relaxation of precautions which are justifiable if they prove to be effective.

THE SIX SEATS.

THE postponement of the Bill for apportioning the six vacant seats may have been unavoidable in the pressure of public business; but, if the Government had been eager to proceed with the measure, an earlier opportunity would have been found, and the indifference with which the postponement was received by the House raises a doubt whether it will be passed before the dissolution. The rumoured scheme for supplying the vacancies is unobjectionable, if it is admitted that considerable minorities in populous towns and counties are entitled to representation; but, as long as the principle is not universally accepted, it is undesirable to add indefinitely to the number of constituencies which return each three members. The ingenious contrivance of allowing to each elector only two votes has, except in Birmingham, for the most part answered the purpose of its inventors; but the plan fails when the representative of the minority vacates his seat in the middle of a Parliamentary term. Through a casualty of this kind Glasgow has now three Liberal members, although a Conservative was returned in 1874. The addition of a third member to the representation of Bristol will secure a vote to the present Government, and a similar result will probably be attained at Sheffield, though the hope of retrieving the late defeat has not been abandoned. The preference given to the city of Dublin and the county of Cork over English and Scotch claimants is probably intended to gratify Irish patriotism. One or both constituencies will perhaps reward the Ministers for their discernment by returning one of their supporters. But it would not be advantageous to the Conservative party to rely for any considerable portion of its strength on the support of members representing minorities. A victory in an equal contest for an ordinary borough such as Southwark is a far more valuable triumph than the probable election of members of the party at Bristol and Sheffield. It is true that in some large towns, including Liverpool, and in several counties, the Liberals in their turn profit by the limits imposed on the absolute power of the majority; but, on the whole, the party which inclines to democratic opinions would prefer the maintenance in every constituency of the absolute supremacy of numbers.

No enthusiastic interest has been at any time felt in the disposal of the vacant seats, though when, in the course of last Session, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said that there was

no reason for haste, the inference that dissolution was not the imminent was eagerly or unwillingly drawn by contending parties. The theoretical arguments for completing the number of the House of Commons are perhaps stronger than the objections. It seems reasonable to take the opportunity afforded by the disfranchisement of a corrupt borough to diminish inequalities of representation which are popularly regarded as anomalous. Many large towns, including London, and several populous counties have far less than the proportion of members which would be allotted to them in a new arrangement of electoral districts; and perhaps some projectors may cherish doctrines as fantastic as Mr. GLADSTONE'S discovery that representation ought to vary with distance from the seat of legislation. Advocates of the rights of minorities wish to extend the system of three-cornered constituencies, although the balance of parties may not be affected when large Conservative counties are set off against large Liberal boroughs. The chief difficulty in the distribution of vacant seats arises from the suspicion with which any definite measure is certain to be received. No Government is likely to inflict intentional injury on its own party, and it is still less probable that any Government will obtain credit for disinterested impartiality. When Mr. DISRAELI said that he had given a member to the University of London for the exclusive benefit of Mr. LOWE, he was not understood to be speaking seriously. All the actual or probable claimants have plausible pretensions, and few among them can deny that their competitors are almost equally entitled to consideration.

It may be added that, with the exception of active political managers and of possible candidates, the imperfectly represented portion of the community is not deeply anxious for additional electoral privileges. New constituencies are necessarily large; and the privilege of returning the twenty-thousandth part of a member has not an unlimited value. An imaginary legislator, at liberty to consider only the character of the House of Commons, might perhaps be inclined rather to multiply than to curtail arithmetical anomalies. The little borough of Ripon, which has sent to Parliament far more than its share of eminent lawyers and statesmen, is again about to render good service to the State by providing for Mr. GOSCHEN a refuge from the real or anticipated caprice of the City of London. The Radnor Boroughs have for twelve years returned Lord HARTINGTON, and not many years ago they were represented by Sir G. C. LEWIS. Midhurst, Calne, and other small constituencies which happily and almost unaccountably survive, are more scrupulous than many large towns and counties in the qualifications which they require from their members. Any project of the kind is of course as unsubstantial as a dream. One of many reasons for regarding historical accidents with tenderness is that they cannot be artificially reproduced. Even if such an experiment were practicable, small constituencies ought to be exceptions to the general representation of the mass of the community. No rational politician would wish to dispense with the popular authority which attaches to members for great cities and large districts. Six new seats ought to add something more than as many votes to the party or parties which will profit by Sir S. NORTHGOTE'S proposed legislation. The public interest will not be greatly affected by his decision among conflicting demands.

Except for polemical purposes the Liberal party will be comparatively indifferent to provisions which they will on probable grounds hold to be only temporary. They are, with one or two exceptions, pledged to uniformity of suffrage, and therefore by a necessary consequence to a large redistribution of seats. Some of the most active members of the party, including Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, will use their utmost efforts to repeal the existing laws which to a certain extent provide for the representation of minorities. The same object will be more effectually attained by the suppression of small boroughs following the abolition of Conservative supremacy in the counties. It is not even necessary for the purposes of uniform suffrage and redistribution that the Liberal party should succeed at the general election, for many Conservatives have providently fallen into the habit of speaking of the concession of household county suffrage as a mere question of time. Those who believe that the change is likely to be made will feel but moderate interest in a provisional rearrangement of seats. There was

a time before the first Reform Bill when still smaller legislative measures raised important political issues, and in one instance dislocated parties. The extension of the boundaries of East Retford, in preference to the transfer of the seat to a large manufacturing town, broke up the alliance between the Duke of WELLINGTON and the followers of CANNING. Some years before, Lord LIVERPOOL had, in the tone of a speaker who enunciated a commonplace, contended in the House of Lords that Leeds was happy and prosperous because it was exempt from the turmoil of periodical elections. A Minister in the present day is relieved from the necessity of maintaining unpopular paradoxes. He may even trust, though a Conservative, to the judgment of large constituencies, when he remembers the services rendered to his party by Southwark and by Liverpool.

The desire of towns and districts for separate representation is perhaps conventional; or rather it is mainly confined to small knots of active politicians, and to professional candidates for employment in various departments of agency. For purposes of legislation and public discussion it is proper to assume that the power of electing one or more members is a boon as well as a privilege. The party which commands a majority in the new constituency may also feel a certain satisfaction in the opportunity of promoting its doctrines. But the grant to a borough or a county of a third member may often be resented as an injury by the dominant party. The vote is likely to be secured by the local minority with the result of disturbing existing political arrangements. Mr. BRIGHT is in the habit of repeating the hypothetical complaint that if Birmingham failed to return, as at present, three Liberal members, a Conservative colleague would neutralize the vote of himself, or of his Liberal colleague. It may be conjectured, by the aid of recent experience, that at Liverpool the right of returning three members affects in the same manner the Conservative representation. The City of London with its four members enjoys the peculiar advantage of securing to a large majority three-fourths of the representation. On the whole, as a rule, the old system of giving two members to each constituency, large or small, is probably the best; but it is well to try other experiments to a limited extent. The representation of minorities has the disadvantage of not being secure. If democratic principles generally prevail, those who rely on the numerical strength of their partisans will not permanently tolerate any check to the popular will. It is not impossible that, in a general redistribution of seats, the triangular constituencies may be swept away.

THE ARMY.

COLONEL STANLEY must have been a happy man on Monday night. Of late years the Army Estimates have been too much like an unusually heavy goods train, which is shunted out of the way to make room for everything else, and may think itself lucky if it is able to go five miles on end without being pulled up. This year these same Estimates have been voted at express speed. A single sitting has seen the beginning and the end of them. It is early days to be finding fault with the too great rapidity with which public business is disposed of; but it is impossible not to feel that if the Estimates are despatched at this pace, they might almost as well have been taken as read. There was certainly no obstruction, but then there was no criticism either. The money was voted almost without a word. Ten millions is rather a large sum to be disposed of in this way; and if the result of the experience the House has had of obstruction during the last three Sessions is to silence every member who is competent to question the propriety of a particular outlay, the English pocket may yet suffer as much as the English temper has suffered in former years.

It is true that the Army Estimates for 1880-81 are unusually devoid of interest. Whatever curiosity is felt about military affairs centres upon the expected Report of Lord AIREY'S Committee. The whole system under which the army is at present organized is on its trial, and when this is known to be the case, it is difficult to pay much attention to items of expenditure that recur every year. The evidence taken by this Committee ought to set at rest the doubts which have of late been so abundant with respect to the fitness of a short-service system for the multifarious

requirements of the English army. Until the work of the Committee is done, the possibility that considerable changes may be proposed cannot be altogether put aside. The consequence is that no one cares very much about the comparatively trifling changes which are needed to bring the existing system into a state of decent efficiency. This is unfortunate, inasmuch as there is no security that the report of the Committee when presented will be, or indeed ought to be, made the basis of legislation; and if it is not, the army will go for at least another year with undoubted defects left unremedied, because next year it is possible that more problematical defects will be in course of being remedied. Considering how much there is in the army which needs no Committee to show that it is faulty, it would have been well if Colonel STANLEY's speech had told us more of those unobtrusive reforms which must always be in progress if a complicated system is to be kept in good working order. For example, Colonel STANLEY might profitably have repeated the assurance, given but never acted on, of his predecessor, that the English army should not be entirely composed of skeleton regiments. It is essential, no doubt, to a short-service system that a large proportion of regiments should, in time of peace, be skeletons. If every regiment were maintained at its full strength, the framework of the enlarged army which would be called into being as soon as war became imminent would be wanting. The Reserves would have no places to fall into, and no officers to command them. If the promise relating to the eighteen regiments first on the roster for foreign service had been kept as well as made, there would have been no cause for dissatisfaction. Taking this number as about equivalent to an army corps, the ordinary needs of English policy would be answered if it were maintained in a state of constant efficiency. The reason of the thing is even too obvious. If anything whatever could be said against it, the military authorities would be tempted to defend the regulation, and there might be a chance of their giving effect to it. As it is, there is no ground to suppose that we are better prepared, or even in the way to be better prepared, for meeting any sudden call upon our resources than we were when reinforcements were ordered to South Africa. Unless every military theory is at fault, soldiers, before taking the field, ought to know one another and to know their officers. Without this they are no better than a capable mob—capable, because they can be brought into order much more rapidly than if they were not soldiers to begin with—but a mob, inasmuch as they have not yet been brought into order. Yet this was precisely the condition in which we sent off troops for immediate and trying service in Zululand. The normal condition of the regiments that stood first on the roster was to be short of something like half their full strength; and as soon as the order to embark came, the gaps had to be filled up by volunteers from other battalions. The new men had never seen either the officers who were to lead them into action or the comrades by whose side they were to fight. They were necessarily destitute of regimental feeling or traditions, for if they won honours, it would be for a regiment to which they did not really belong. We say nothing as to the want of preparation which was disclosed at the same time. That may be gathered from the fact that sentimental newspapers went into ecstasies because we accomplished with tremendous toil in about three weeks what, if things had been in proper train, ought to have been accomplished easily in twenty-four hours. It was natural to look to Colonel STANLEY's speech for some assurance that this disgraceful state of things would never recur. Nothing of the kind, however, is to be found there, and as the SECRETARY OF STATE must be at least as anxious as other people to prevent its recurrence, it must be presumed that he has no such assurance to give. At all events, it is better to have no assurances at all than assurances of the kind furnished by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY in his singularly ill-judged "report in answer to inquiries" as to the conduct of these very troops. It is to be hoped that the SECRETARY OF STATE will not allow Dr. RUSSELL's charges to go unnoticed, unless there is something more to be said in disproof of them than has yet been alleged.

The recruits in 1879 were fewer than in 1878 by about two thousand four hundred, and those in 1877 by two thousand eight hundred. On the face of it this is not particularly satisfactory. It is true that the shortcoming is in part due to the raising of the standard and to the increased care shown in passing recruits. It may be

hoped, therefore, that, if the quantity is somewhat less, the quality is somewhat better, and that the recruits we did get last year contained a larger percentage of men to boys, and of men physically qualified for hard work. Still the English army is not numerically strong enough to stand with impunity any constant diminution in the number of recruits. However great may have been the improvement in the men enlisted last year, there were fewer enlisted than were wanted. This is plain from the consoling tone in which Colonel STANLEY says that, although recruiting has slightly fallen off, "the only" fall below the establishment to any considerable extent "has been in the Royal Artillery." There only have we many men less than we need; everywhere else we have only a few less than we need. It is to be noted, also, that down to quite the end of the year the recruiting sergeant had a very slack demand for labour to compete with. This year he will find the market in a very different state, and there is some room for fear that, if the higher standard and greater care of which Colonel STANLEY speaks are maintained—and, beyond question, they ought to be maintained—the recruiting of the present year will show a still scantier supply of men. The most satisfactory point in Colonel STANLEY's speech was the diminution in the number of desertions. The percentage of deserters to recruits in 1879 was 15 as against 19 in 1878, and 17 in 1877. The provision in the Army Discipline Act which allows a recruit to claim his discharge within a specified period from his enlisting, is not yet well known; and Colonel STANLEY expects that, as it becomes known, the number of deserters will decrease. Under the old plan a certain proportion of recruits had always repented of what they had done by the time they joined their regiment, and to them the temptation to desert was naturally very strong. The beginning of a soldier's life is not likely to be attractive to men who have no longer even the initial wish to be a soldier. As regards recruits of this type the system was an ingenious combination of the faults of a conscription with those of voluntary enlistment. The State could not lay hands upon whom it would, and yet those upon whom it did lay hands were not always willing captives. The number of re-enlistments after desertion continues much the same, and is not likely to diminish so long as to bear a sign of belonging to the English army is considered a disgrace.

PUBLICANS AND POLITICS.

THE licensed victuallers have special organs of their own, in which their claims are urged, their rights defended, and their special views expounded. A close organization supplies the means of enforcing a concurrence of action throughout England, and those who guide this Association have at least the merit of knowing exactly what they want, and of saying what they mean. These organs naturally regard the Southwark election as a great triumph for the interests they represent. But they are peculiarly anxious to have it understood that to publicans it is a matter of complete indifference that the triumph of beer was also a triumph of Conservatism. The licensed victuallers are not so much apart from as above party. To them it is perfectly immaterial what a candidate thinks about Russia, or Home Rule, or the county franchise. He may attack or defend budgets, wars, or treaties. The one question is whether he is or is not sound about beer. If he is sound on that cardinal point, he is to be zealously supported against an unsound or wavering candidate. The publicans are perfectly fair, and would place the great beer interest at the disposal of the fiercest Radical who would pledge himself that the flow of genuine liquor should be unimpeded, against the staunchest Conservative who ventured to hint that a check might not improperly be imposed on the mighty volume of the river of beer. But a Conservative candidate has at starting the great advantage of coming better recommended, for he belongs to a party that is believed to be generally sound, while a Liberal belongs to a party that is believed to be generally unsound. Even if a Liberal expresses a hearty and sincere detestation of local option, Sunday closing, abridged hours, and other abominations, he is eyed with suspicion, and hesitating publicans ask what is this striped and streaked animal that is coming over in this curious way from the fold of the black sheep into the fold of the

white. A Liberal candidate may overcome distrust, but he has distrust to overcome. He himself may be pronounced harmless; but then, he wants to get into Parliament in order to support and work with persons who are decidedly dangerous. The publicans, therefore, will keep him out of Parliament if they can, and in many constituencies they can and will keep him out. There are indeed influences against which the publicans cannot contend. A Liberal candidate may be personally very popular, like the Liberal member for Oxford, or have overpowering family claims like the Liberal member for Calne, or be supported by a perfected political machinery like the Liberal members for Birmingham. Or there may be some issue presented to the constituencies in which the electors take a deep interest. When they had got the Irish Church in their heads, the electors had no room for thoughts of beer. But in quiet times, and when in point of personal pretensions and qualifications there is little to choose between candidates, the publicans have a very great influence. It is quite possible that the next election may be fought in a very quiet time. The fever of discussion which attacks on the foreign policy of the Ministry furnished has died away, and the addresses of candidates will chiefly refer to subjects on which it is felt that there is much to be said on both sides. The publicans will find that calm and peace in the electoral mind which possesses a favourable field for the winning arguments of beer. The publicans have the great advantage that those whom they wish to canvass come to them. They have not to look up reluctant householders or intrude unwelcome dissertations. It is the voters who come gaily and gladly to the publicans, and in an easy and animated chat the publican instils into the mind of a sociable customer the arguments that experience has shown to be the most convincing. He does not dwell much on the constitutional danger and difficulty of confiding to a parish what ought to be the task of Parliament. Such a topic is rather too lofty and fatiguing for the uninstructed mind in its moments of social ease. Nor does he say much as to the iniquity of despoiling his own injured class, for he knows that even the customers of publicans think more of their own sorrows than of his. But he insists, and he seldom insists in vain, on the unfairness of denying to the poor what the rich take care to retain for themselves. The rich are to have every variety of delicate liquor day and night at their command. The poor alone are to be deprived of the humble fluid in which their soul rejoices. It is so un-English to "rob a poor man of his beer." Inspired, charmed, and instructed, the voter goes away and determines that there shall be one more true Englishman at the poll, and one more champion of the poor.

Without having come under the spell of the fascinating publican, impartial persons may acknowledge that it is a very bad precedent for Parliament to delegate its functions to a parish, and that it is the fanaticism of philanthropy to try to cure the vices of the poor by denying them a pleasure which the rich retain unimpaired. But a Liberal candidate has to think how he is to get into Parliament, and when he finds the publicans lost to him, or, as is generally the case, knows beforehand that they are lost to him, he seeks his new world to redress the balance of the old. Local option is the new world which he usually calls in. And if he can satisfy his conscience on the constitutional question, he may say to himself, with very great plausibility, that local option is much misunderstood and is not liable to the reproach that it would rob publicans or deprive a poor man of his beer. If England is taken as a whole, the result of local option would probably be that the publican would gain more than he would lose, and the poor man would gain too, if to have more beer offered him is a gain. It is admitted on all hands that Parliament would never pass a Bill giving the power of local option except with a provision requiring publicans thrown out of business to be adequately compensated. Local option might possibly prevent some new public-houses being opened, but in doing this it would only secure the fortunes of existing public-houses. If the parish that was exercising its local option chose to shut up existing public-houses it would have to pay compensation. The essence of local option is that the body exercising it should have the powers and responsibilities of Parliament in regard to beer. If it exercises its powers it comes under its responsibilities. The rates must be charged for a term of years with a sum by means of

which the amount borrowed to compensate the publicans may be paid off. It would not be easy to get ratepayers to undertake the burden. To buy out all the publicans would ruin the ratepayers, and if a few only were bought out, the value of the houses remaining untouched would rise, and so compensation would become gradually more and more onerous. There is, too, another consideration which would weigh with ratepayers. The parish that is to be entrusted with local option will decide not only how few public-houses there are to be, but how many. Some sort of body elected from time to time is, we suppose, to decide how many or how few public-houses are wanted. A body elected at one time might overrule a body elected at another time. The newcomers might think that there were not enough public-houses for the reasonable accommodation of the inhabitants. New houses would be licensed, and those who were paying extra rates for the suppression of some houses, would see others opened, and could scarcely help feeling that they were paying their money for nothing. The burden of the rates would be permanent or at least would continue for a long time, while there might be rapid fluctuations on the great question of beer in the minds of the electors. But there would be this inequality among the holders of different opinions, that those who were in favour of beer could undo the work of their predecessors, without adding to the rates, while those who were against beer could only regain the position they had lost by throwing new burdens on the ratepayers. It may further be remarked that the principle of local option, if once adopted, goes a very long way. There is such a thing as the tyranny of philanthropy. Cases where such a tyranny is exercised must necessarily be rare, but they are not imaginary. There is in the United Kingdom a town of eight thousand inhabitants where the landowner, who happens to own every foot of the soil, has announced his intention of shutting up every public-house. There is nothing in the law as it now is to stop this vexatious proceeding. But if the town affected had local option with Parliamentary powers, it would decide how many public-houses it needed, and would justly claim the Parliamentary right of expropriation. The landowner would be compelled to sell sites for a fit number of public-houses just as he would be compelled to sell land for a railway or a canal, and local option would have not the un-English effect of robbing a poor man of his beer, but the very English effect of restoring to the poor man the beer of which he had been robbed.

Local option is generally understood to refer only to licensing, and if it refers only to licensing, it may be reasonably contended that, however objectionable on constitutional grounds, it is not calculated to injure the publicans or to stint the poor. The publicans naturally object to it, because they do not want to have themselves and their doings made the subject of everlasting discussion, and because, although they might not be injured by it, they would have to take a large amount of trouble to ensure not being injured by it. But if local option is to go beyond licensing, and to extend to determining the hours of closing, then, no doubt, the publicans might possibly be injured and the poor stinted. It is especially the question of Sunday closing that would be fought out in the various spheres of local option. Public-houses are now closed on Sundays in Scotland and Ireland, and there is a very strong movement headed by an Archbishop for closing public-houses on Sundays in England. No compensation is given to the owners or lessees of public-houses for Sunday closing, and thus the ratepayers would have no pecuniary reasons for not closing the houses on Sundays. Public-houses are closed on Sundays in Scotland and Ireland because the Scotch and Irish wish them to be closed. In England the general feeling is that they should be open, not for the sake of the publicans, many of whom would not at all object to Sunday closing, but for the sake of the poor. But there can be no doubt that if every English parish had to decide whether public-houses were to be kept open on Sunday or not, there are many parishes in which public-houses would be closed. We are unable to see any reason in principle why, if local option is to be allowed, the parishes should not settle for themselves the question of closing or keeping open public-houses on Sunday just as they would settle every other question about beer. To have wrangles about

Sabbath observance in every English parish would be a great calamity; and, if local option is to extend so far, there is a new and grave objection to it added to the numerous objections to which on constitutional grounds it is exposed.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

FOR some time past the chances have been in favour of the nomination of General GRANT as Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States. The State Conventions of Pennsylvania, New York, and Illinois have instructed their delegates to support him at Chicago; and Mr. CONKLING defeated a proposal that the New York Delegates should be instructed to vote for Mr. BLAINE as a second choice. General GRANT's Republican competitors are exposed to the common disadvantage of equal mediocrity. Except to those who may be familiar with the details of party politics, there seems to be no reason for preferring Mr. BLAINE to Mr. SHERMAN, or either of them to Mr. CONKLING. They are all active politicians; they have all ability and a certain influence; and they all probably concur in their dislike to any organic change in the existing mode of distributing patronage. The revenue officers throughout the United States are at the present time actively supporting Mr. SHERMAN, as a recognized official duty to be discharged at their peril. A prohibition of the practice by the actual President has never been regarded as operative. If Mr. SHERMAN or Mr. BLAINE becomes President, he will, like Mr. HAYES, excite no personal enthusiasm, and he will probably discharge the duties of the office without discredit. Mr. SHERMAN, though his financial orthodoxy is not unsuspected, has on the whole been fortunate in his administration of the Treasury. During his term of office a large portion of the debt has been paid off and re-borrowed at a lower rate of interest, and the paper currency has risen to par. He has sometimes been too sanguine in attributing to himself the merit or luck of having resumed specie payments, for greenbacks are still a legal tender; and if circumstances caused their depreciation, gold would again disappear from circulation. To Mr. SHERMAN's credit he has endeavoured, not without effect, to counteract the unwise legislation which rewarded the exertions of those who were interested in the production of silver. The Treasury or the Mint has contrived so far to restrict the coinage of silver that it has not to any considerable extent superseded gold and greenbacks. Mr. CONKLING and Mr. BLAINE are supposed to hold the same opinions on currency with Mr. SHERMAN, and all the aspirants support the protective policy which is approved by nearly the whole Republican party. If the tenure of power by the Republicans was secure, the managers of the State Conventions would probably indulge their special predilections in the choice of the delegation to Chicago; but they will agree in thinking that it is more necessary to defeat the common enemy than to secure the nomination to their favourite candidates.

The Democrats, though they have not abandoned the hope of retrieving the miscarriage of 1876, have not yet agreed on a nominee. It has often been asserted that Mr. TILDEN was no longer a possible candidate; but he has not yet been confronted with any formidable rival. The secession at the New York State election of Mr. KELLY and the Tammany Hall faction was supposed, as it enabled the Republicans to elect a Governor, to have inflicted a heavy blow on Mr. TILDEN; but he is believed to have since patched up the feud with KELLY; and it is in any case improbable that the majority of voters in the State will allow the Republicans a second time to profit by the internal dissensions of the Democrats. As Mr. TILDEN's election was on the last occasion only avoided by gross fraud, he may perhaps be thought by his party to have a legitimate claim to the succession. His merits, which seem to consist mainly in adroit manipulation of elections, were sufficient to command the unanimous support of the Democrats in 1876. He probably never lost a vote in consequence of the outrageous charges of fraud which were preferred against him by Republican journalists during the contest. It is understood that personal calumnies form a recognized branch of American polemics; and if Mr. TILDEN had been guilty, he would probably have been acquitted on

the assumption that the imputations on his character were conventional methods of controversy. The State elections of the last autumn indicated a decline of Democratic power; but it is uncertain whether the majority has within four years been reversed. If the calculations of Democratic politicians may be trusted, the Southern States, with the aid of New York, will be strong enough to carry the election. The defection of a single Southern State, or a division of the New York vote, would give the victory to the Republicans, who, as might be expected, dispute the soundness of the Democratic estimate. The trial of strength will not be deranged by the interference of any third or independent organization. The Labour party and the Greenback party have either been dissolved, or have satisfied themselves that they are powerless.

The approximately equal balance of numbers between the two great parties furnishes a strong reason for proposing General GRANT as the Republican candidate. No other Republican would have so fair a chance of detaching a portion of the Democratic body, including perhaps one or two Southern States, from the adverse party. The innovation of a second re-election is not unlikely to strike the fancy of a community which has seldom the opportunity of emerging from commonplace routine. There may be a certain excitement in doing what might have been done at any time, and was never done before. If an exception to uniform practice is to be made, the candidate who is to profit by the disregard of precedent ought to be conspicuous and popular. General GRANT is incomparably better known both to his own countrymen and to foreigners than any other living American, perhaps than any American since WASHINGTON. If he has succeeded but moderately as a President, he has led vast armies to victory; and since the close of his military career he has given himself an unusually complete political education. His natural shrewdness will probably have enabled him to derive instruction from his former mistakes. When he was first elected he was new to party conflicts, and he found himself surrounded and controlled by veteran politicians. After a brief struggle for independence, he succumbed to the party managers, on condition of dividing with them the patronage of the Republic. He cannot but be aware that the corruption which he tolerated during his second term of office was injurious to his own reputation and to that of his party. If he is once more elected, he will be at least equal in experience to any member of his Cabinet or of the Senate, and he will derive strength from an extraordinary proof of popular confidence. It will be no small advantage to an incoming President to have been wholly unconnected with recent party controversies.

From the time when General GRANT's name was proposed for a second re-election there was no serious doubt of his willingness to accept the offer. A voluntary candidature would have been equally impolitic and undignified, and it was judicious in the first instance to display a certain coyness and hesitation; but there was no good reason for declining the highest honour which could be paid to an American citizen, or for renouncing the only suitable object of ambition to which an ex-President can aspire. It was reasonable to assume that General GRANT's friends knew his mind better than strangers, if not better than himself. An active man in middle life, who has already held great positions, is not likely to prefer permanent rest to high employment. It is true that most of his predecessors have subsided into obscurity, scarcely disturbed in the case of one or two of their number by ill-judged re-entrance into public life as members of the Senate or of the House of Representatives. General GRANT is, happily for himself, debarred from seeking distinction as an orator or debater. Former ex-Presidents have seldom possessed either remarkable abilities or claims to distinction on the ground of their public services. Mr. LINCOLN, who formed an exception to the rule of personal insignificance, was himself elected in preference to Mr. SEWARD and other leaders of the party because he was at the time little known. If General GRANT had from the expiration of his second term desired re-election, he could not have promoted his candidature more judiciously than by the course which he has actually followed. The almost royal honours with which he has been received in Europe and in the East gratified the patriotic self-complacency of Americans, while his absence removed him from domestic collisions and jealousies.

It is hardly possible that he can have made a leisurely journey round the world without adding largely to the political knowledge in which he may during his earlier career have been deficient. He has now been personally acquainted with every living statesman; and he has had opportunities of watching the tendencies of the most various political institutions. Even in China and Japan he has, either as a compliment to himself and to his country, or in the hope of some advantage, been consulted on questions of war and peace. To be in sight and out of reach is the most advantageous position for an aspirant to the Presidency. The conjecture that his long travels were not unconnected with legitimate projects of ambition is strengthened by his visit to Cuba and Mexico at the moment when his friends were preparing his nomination. On his way to Havannah he judiciously advertised himself by attending a series of elaborate festivities given in his honour on the eve of the meeting of the Republican State Convention. It is less surprising that he meets with powerful support than that he is not accepted by acclamation as the nominee of the party. If the Democrats prove themselves to be formidable opponents, the Republicans will probably rally round the most eminent candidate who can be found on either side.

THE FRENCH EDUCATION BILL.

THE French Government are either very confident of the success of their Education Bill in the Senate, or very distrustful of their own ability to defend it. The general discussion, which answers to the English debate on the second reading, ran its course and came to an end without a single Minister taking part in it. If the opponents of the Bill had been exclusively taken from the Right, M. FERRY might perhaps have pleaded that between him and them there is no common ground, and that to debate first principles would have been to waste the time of the Senate. But after M. JULES SIMON had spoken this excuse ceased to be of any avail. So long as he was in the Tribune the question was argued upon principles which, in name at least, are M. FERRY'S own. The Right, said M. SIMON, dislike this Bill because it is opposed to their religious beliefs; I dislike it because it is opposed to my Republican beliefs. This, at least, was a position which M. FERRY might have been expected not to leave unattacked. M. JULES SIMON is not a Republican of yesterday. He has a right to speak with authority upon what constitutes Republican ideas. To treat his speech as unworthy of a reply was to allow a really grave accusation to go unanswered to the country. When the Right tell M. FERRY that he is not a consistent Republican he may say that they are not good judges. He cannot say this when it is M. JULES SIMON who brings the charge. Undoubtedly M. FERRY would have found it extremely hard to answer M. SIMON. His Education Bill is all that M. SIMON accuses it of being. Indeed, some of its defenders hardly took the trouble to deny this. There was an evident disposition on the Ministerial side to admit that its provisions could not be reconciled with the doctrine of liberty of education as ordinarily understood. It seemed safer to argue that liberty of education was only a secondary and subordinate liberty, to be conceded and enjoyed when it does not conflict with more important liberties. Still, this doctrine is as yet sufficiently novel to stand in some need of Ministerial support, and of Ministerial support it got none. Whether the Government think the theory so self-evident that it may be left to make its own way, or so questionable that it would be imprudent to adopt it, must for the present remain unknown.

M. JULES SIMON wisely laid no stress upon his accidental agreement with the Right. He appealed to the Senate in the character of an impenitent Liberal. The cause of which he has made himself the champion is the freedom of the parent to choose a teacher for his child. The State may do what it pleases about education, provided that it does not contradict this fundamental law. It may provide education for those who like to avail themselves of it. It may refuse to affix its stamp to any educational result with which it is not satisfied. It may do what it can to raise the standard of education in schools which are not under its control. But it has no business to prescribe to a parent that he shall send his child to this school rather than to that. It is for him to decide what manner of person he wishes his child to be, and to take such measures as seem good to him

to give effect to his desire. The choice of a teacher is the first and principal of these measures. When the parent delegates to another the duty of teaching his child, he puts into his hands the formation of the child's character. The child learns something from his teachers over and above the particular knowledge which they communicate. There is a moral as well as an intellectual process going on in every class-room. In so far as a parent is forced to commit his child to a moral training in which he has no confidence, the liberty of deciding what manner of person he wishes his child to be is denied him, and M. FERRY'S Education Bill does all it can to subject parents to this compulsion. By the Seventh Clause it directly narrows the field of a parent's choice; by other clauses it does so indirectly. The object of the Bill is to subject the free Universities which have grown up since 1875 to a variety of disabilities. They are to be forbidden to call themselves Universities, or even Faculties. Their students must be matriculated at the State University, and examined by its professors. It is not denied by the advocates of the Bill that these regulations are meant to be destructive. They predict that under the weight of them the free Universities will dwindle and die out. First of all, a great number of parents will be tempted to withdraw their children in the belief that they will get on better in their future careers if they go to the State University; and, next, the loss of so many students will render it impossible to keep the free Universities open for the few who will continue to send their sons there. The supporters of the Bill are at all events outspoken. They do not profess to think that the free Universities will prosper under the new legislation. Though the Bill is professedly intended to promote liberty of teaching, its authors avow that this liberty is to be strictly confined to such teaching as they themselves approve.

M. SIMON does not rest his opposition to the Bill entirely on abstract principles. He contends that it will do harm to education and harm to the Republic. The State University itself will be a loser by the monopoly which it is proposed to confer upon it. It has greatly profited by the rivalry to which it has been lately exposed. New Lycées have been opened, new professorships have been founded, and a variety of new facilities have been provided for education of the kind which the authors of the Bill desire to foster. It is improbable that either the Government would have proposed or the Chamber consented to spend money in this way had it not been for the stimulus supplied by competition. The State has not liked to see its University outdone in any way by the free Universities. The higher education has thus been protected against a danger which, if the State University stood alone, might easily become serious. To a country so burdened as France, economy in the expenditure of the taxes is a consideration of immense importance, and nowhere could a saving be more easily effected than in the vote for the University. So long as the free Universities exist there is not the slightest risk of this being attempted, because every saving that is effected in the State University is tantamount to a grant in aid of the free Universities. Take away the free Universities, and there will be nothing to prevent the Government or the Chambers from economizing in this convenient field. When there is no education to be had except in the State Colleges, the quality of the education given in them will become a matter of secondary moment. It will no longer be maintained, as it is now, by the knowledge that, if it is suffered to fall below the level of that given in the free Universities, the State Colleges will by degrees be deserted. The danger of being starved by the Government is not the only danger against which the free Universities serve to protect the State University. There is the further risk of a decline in the intrinsic qualities of the education given. The free Universities are so many additional chances in favour of educational progress. If a professor in a free University discovers a new truth or invents a new method, he cannot keep it to himself. It inevitably becomes the property of the State University as well as of the free Universities. Each is anxious to outstrip the other; but each, whether it will or not, is compelled to draw the other after it.

We shall not be doing the authors of this Bill much injustice if we assume that they will view a merely educational loss with considerable indifference. Provided that they can prevent Catholic parents from sending their children to Catholic Colleges, they will not much care

whether the education given in the State Colleges is better or worse than what used to be given in them. Even with men of this way of thinking, however, M. SIMON'S concluding argument ought to have some weight. If the Republic is to endure in France, it must reassure the consciences of those by whose consent it has to live. If the Republic presents itself to those who are prejudiced against it as a prison, in which all liberty of action is forbidden except to the friends of the gaolers, it will make no progress in the country. If it is to attract fresh inmates, it must show them that the life they will live under its roof will be the life they themselves enjoy. The first thought of a Republican should be to make the Republic lovable. If M. FERRY gains his end, it will be hated by every Catholic in France.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE NONCONFORMISTS.

IT is said that an anxious clergyman has just applied to Lord HARTINGTON to know whether it is possible for the leaders of the Liberal party to give any support to disestablishment in England. Lord HARTINGTON'S reply as reported was characterized by the caution which only on rare occasions fails him. He was not, he said, himself a member of the Liberation Society, nor was he aware in what way the leaders of the Liberal party had given any countenance to the agitation for disestablishment. We do not know whether the disturbed soul of his correspondent was comforted by this somewhat meagre reply. He might possibly have rejoined that disestablishment accomplished in Ireland, and disestablishment in Scotland avowedly "postponed but not forgotten" (as the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE used to say when she was pestered for invitations), had at least given some countenance to the idea that disestablishment in England and the Liberal leaders were not ideas wholly impossible to be conjoined. But he might also have called Lord HARTINGTON'S attention to some singular remarks of Mr. GLADSTONE'S at an electioneering meeting in Marylebone last week. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, is not formally a "leader" of the Liberal party just at this moment; but most people know well enough that, whether he be nominally or not a leader while the party is in a minority, it is to Mr. GLADSTONE that we must look for the probable lines of Liberal policy should the present Opposition succeed in changing places with the present Ministry. Even putting this out of the question, however, the words to which we have alluded were curious enough, and well enough deserving of a little attention.

It was natural that, speaking in support of the candidature of Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS and Mr. GRANT, Mr. GLADSTONE should deprecate schisms in the Liberal party. But he did more than this. "He pointed to" the Nonconformist section of the Liberal party as "an example to be followed. . . . It was the largest of all the sections of the party, and its peculiar and distinctive feature was disestablishment. This had been erected not merely into a political idea, but into a religious conviction. But the Nonconformists pursued it with moderation. They placed their own policy and beloved conviction in the shade in order not to interfere with the success of the cause in which they believe their idea is included and absorbed." And later, so entranced is Mr. GLADSTONE apparently by the spectacle of Nonconformist excellence, he went out of his way to remark that it was mainly by the Nonconformist Liberals that the Government had been deterred from supporting Turkey by force of arms. In these phrases, and in yet another, that "all the different convictions dear to members of the party were entitled to the most careful and respectful consideration," there is more than one point which in its turn deserves consideration, careful, if not respectful. For nothing could show better than these last words the inherent vice of that conception of politics and government which has succeeded to the old Whig idea in that portion of the Liberal party which Mr. GLADSTONE represents. Such a party as he describes is, by the law of its being, whenever it comes into power, bound not to consult the good of the nation, but the convictions of its motley array of supporters. While these convictions, adjusted as best they may be, are in turn carefully and respectfully considered, it is not difficult to see that the country must go to the wall. But for the present the particular words which Mr. GLADSTONE devoted to a particular conviction are those which deserve most study. They are not, it is

to be noticed, a mere compliment to the Nonconformists, such as those with which Mr. GLADSTONE has often, and elsewhere in this very speech, rewarded the fulsome adulation which the Nonconformists are wont to bestow upon himself. It does no harm, except perhaps to the speaker, to represent the Nonconformists or any other body as the chief, if not the sole, depositaries of virtue, wisdom, and common sense, the salt of the English nation, and so forth. Flattery, unlike five-pound notes, has not yet been forbidden by any statute as a political instrument, and the flatterer and the flattered must be left to settle the use and value of it between them. But the terms of the present tribute to Nonconformist excellence amount to something more than mere flattery. The Nonconformists are, Mr. GLADSTONE tells them, actually the largest section of the Liberal party—a remarkable admission in itself. This largest section of the party, moreover, not merely holds a particular conviction with religious as well as political fervour, but believes that this conviction is "included and absorbed" in the Liberal cause. Thus the Nonconformist ideal is placed on quite a different footing from most of the other ideals which their friends call convictions and their enemies crazes. Very few of these would be allowed even by their warmest partisans to be included and absorbed in the Liberal cause or creed—whatever that may be. The Liberal teetotaler is a Liberal and a teetotaler, not a teetotaler *quâ* Liberal. But the largest section of the Liberal party, by the confession of one who for seven years at least was the undisputed leader of that party, holds that the Liberal creed necessarily includes disestablishment, that disestablishment is an unavoidable product and corollary of Liberalism. After which we are told that all the convictions of the Liberal sects deserve careful and respectful consideration. Most careful surely and most respectful, when the time comes, must be the consideration accorded to this belief of the largest sect of all—a belief which is held, not as a piece of will-worship, but as one of the cardinal doctrines of the faith.

Mr. GLADSTONE has on more than one occasion shown considerable anxiety to shield himself from the charge of inconsistency by going back upon his own words and indicating the precise point at which his infant convictions chipped their shell. It is not at all improbable that the passage upon which we are commenting may have some day to do duty in this respect. When, as is very probable, it becomes clear to Mr. GLADSTONE that his last attempt to stir up a kind of moral jihad against the Government is useless, he will have to look out for some new and more exciting method of calling together his partisans. There is one such method of which it can be said with the utmost truth *probatum est*. If you have a party, and the largest section of that party holds that a certain proceeding is inextricably bound up with the party creed, what more obvious way of encouraging it than to think—as quickly as possible—once, twice, and thrice about it, and then to proclaim it at once as the immediate object of contention? Then Mr. GLADSTONE will have in the words we have quoted a convenient reference. He will be able to point out that, in a phrase of his own, the basis of his convictions first began to "quiver" when he realized how the virtuous Nonconformists held disestablishment to be necessarily the Liberal policy, how they were the backbone of the party, how they had long possessed their souls in patience, and deserved the reward of that careful consideration which is so readily turned into reckless action. It is easy for a politician to fall into the mood of PYM—who, by the way, is always said to have been a steady Churchman himself—and to decide that "it will not do to discourage friends." Indeed a person given to logical consideration of his own position might reasonably feel uncomfortable in such a position as Mr. GLADSTONE describes. He belongs to a party the largest section of which holds that disestablishment is not only desirable in itself, but is actually part of the Liberal cause. Now it is not possible for any man to say that disestablishment is a question of small moment. Its effect upon the whole social, economical, and political fabric, putting religious questions entirely aside, must for weal or for woe be vaster than that of any single legislative act ever accomplished in this country. The largest section of his followers, says Mr. GLADSTONE, thinks that a Liberal *quâ* Liberal is bound to wish for the change. Either, then, his conception of Liberalism is something essentially different from theirs, and they cannot honestly be said to belong to the same party at all, or he is bound to take their views into respectful consideration. No sensible person willingly

attempts political prophecy; and prophecy as to the probable conduct of the Liberal party, as at present constituted and led, would be peculiarly rash. Its leaders—at least its titular leaders—are so frankly opportunist, and at the same time so amiably susceptible to pressure, that this is a matter which may safely defy prediction. Other sections may be even more threatening in their demands for respectful consideration than the Nonconformists; the number of these latter may have been miscalculated by Mr. GLADSTONE's natural partiality to his warmest admirers; it may even be a mistake to suppose that, save among a noisy minority, disestablishment is so dear to the Nonconformists themselves as Mr. GLADSTONE believes. The phrase of yesterday, however, will remain useful. It can be subjected to the familiar process of development which Mr. GLADSTONE's mind is, of all minds, the best calculated to perform in a shorter or longer time as circumstances demand. It can be treated as a mere *ballon d'essai* to see how the political winds blow, or (though, as we have seen, with doubtful legitimacy) as a complimentary illustration and nothing more. But meanwhile it is worth noting, and will very probably be heard of again.

THE GAME-LAWS.

NO one in the House of Commons, perhaps, was quite as wise as might have been wished on Tuesday night. Prudence is not expected from Mr. PETER TAYLOR, but there is no obvious reason why Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, who has shot at game whenever he has found any to shoot at for five-and-thirty years, should be so anxious to deprive himself in age of the pleasure which he enjoyed in youth. Mr. TAYLOR showed his customary enthusiasm in speaking of poachers. To him this interesting class is still invested with the romance which attached to it in the novels which beguiled his boyish leisure. The human being who hunts somebody else's rabbits is in his eyes the direct descendant of those noble outlaws whose time was equally divided between sport and the redress of baronial wrong-doing. He has never noticed that poaching has gradually come to wear the commercial character which is natural to it in a commercial country. The poacher's ultimate object is the price which the poulterer is impartially willing to pay either to him or to the lawful slayer of the game sold. Sir WALTER BARTHELOT was equally in extremes when he treated the charges brought against the Game-laws and their administration as all alike worthless. It is quite true that we do not require the abolition of the Game-laws in order to get rid of the evils connected with them. This would have been an excellent plea on behalf of an amendment purporting to get rid of the evil in question without abolishing the Game-laws. But it is not equally appropriate when urged on behalf of an amendment "that it is not now expedient to deal with the question of the Game-laws." Probably Sir WALTER BARTHELOT thought that he had saved his consistency by the introduction of the word "now." But, if a time of unexampled agricultural depression is not appropriate to a rational reform of the Game-laws, it is difficult to conceive when the really convenient season will come. Lord PERCY was no less unfortunate when he defended the Game-laws on the ground that, without them, the gentry who now direct the local affairs of their districts would become absentees. There may be a shadow of truth in the suggestion; but it is not one that can be judiciously put forward on the Conservative side. If the unequalled position of an English country gentleman has no charms for those who enjoy it except the power of shooting hares and pheasants that it carries with it, Radicals will be tempted to say that the importance of the gentry to the neighbourhood by which they set so little store has been overrated.

Mr. READ and Mr. PELL did not, it is needless to say, fall into the blunders of Sir WALTER BARTHELOT and Lord PERCY. They made exceedingly sensible speeches, but they did not show themselves equal to the task of framing an amendment. Mr. READ wishes every farmer to have the privilege of killing hares and rabbits which prey upon his farm, and he believes that it is upon hares and rabbits that almost the whole of the agricultural grievance centres. Mr. PELL says more vaguely that hares and rabbits ought to be kept in their places—a concession which

still leaves it uncertain what their places are, and who is to have the right of assigning them. He looks back with fond recollection to a Bill which he himself once introduced, and has hardly yet forgiven the Scotch member who snuffed it out. But neither Mr. READ nor Mr. PELL cared to give the House of Commons the opportunity of adopting, even in the innocent form of an abstract resolution, these moderate and sensible views. Either their fidelity to their party is stronger than their fidelity to their constituents, or they have convinced themselves that in the present Parliament the question cannot be raised to any useful purpose. A somewhat wider view of Conservative interests might have shown them that the subject has now become one of too much interest to farmers to make it safe to put it aside. A good many county votes will probably be given or withheld at the general election according as the elector thinks the candidate likely or unlikely to vote for a reform of the Game-laws. This same reasoning applies with even greater force to the Government. When Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY rose avowedly to state on the part of the Government how they regarded the motion and the amendment, it was to be expected that he would either declare the Game-laws to be perfect, or indicate the direction in which they require amendment. He did neither. The Government, he said, preferred to meet the motion with a direct negative. They could not admit that the Game-laws ought to be abolished, and they did not want to say that it is not now expedient to deal with them. In that case, why did not Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY either bring forward an amendment of his own, embodying the changes of which he thinks the Game-laws are susceptible, or else move the previous question, and state in doing so what the Government proposed ultimately to suggest, and why they did not now suggest it? It is impossible to divine from Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY's speech whether, on the question of the Game-laws, the Government are moderately Conservative or moderately Radical. The only thing that is clear is that they do not go to extremes on one side or the other. If they are sincerely anxious not to see the Game-laws rudely handled, they would do well to take them in hand. Whenever the Liberals come into power, they will almost certainly be dealt with; and though no Government is likely to go the length of Mr. PETER TAYLOR, it is quite possible that a Liberal Government might not content itself with legislating about hares and rabbits. That they did not support Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's amendment was reasonable enough. The House of Commons ought not to be committed to immediate legislation on any subject by the accidental success of a rather lame joke.

It is the more extraordinary that the Government should have said nothing about the excessive preservation of ground game, because a passage condemning this practice was introduced into the report of the Committee of 1873 at the instance of a former Conservative Minister. At the suggestion of Mr. WARD HUNT, the Committee declared that that they could not "too strongly reprobate the practice of some landlords and their shooting tenants of keeping up a large stock of hares and rabbits on cultivated lands to the injury of the crops of the farming tenants." In the same Committee a proposal to take rabbits out of the Game-laws was carried by eleven votes to seven, while one to treat hares in the same fashion was only rejected by ten votes against eight. It can hardly be maintained that the practice in question has decreased during the seven years which have elapsed since this Report was presented, and the damage done to farmers by its continuance is not likely to be less felt in bad times than it was in good. A practice which has been "reprobated" by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, at the instance of so staunch a Conservative as Mr. WARD HUNT, may fairly be made a subject of legislation when the warning has remained ineffectual for seven years.

The fact that hares and, still more, rabbits are an important element in the national food supply is not one to be forgotten. The Select Committee which reported in 1873 were told that the number of ground game annually produced was thirty millions; and, though Mr. MUNIZ objects to this fact being treated as of any moment, because eight rabbits consume the keep of one sheep, there is an occasional advantage in having something for dinner which is not butcher's meat. If the contents of the national larder were judged upon the principle of excluding everything which was more costly than

mutton; hares and rabbits might not be the only food the production of which would be forbidden for the future. But one of the arguments most constantly used in defence of the Game-laws is calculated incidentally to reassure us upon this point. "If the game," said Sir WALTER BARTHELOT, "were given up to the tenant, he would prove 'to be the best gamekeeper'; and we do not see why, if hares and rabbits were given up to the tenant, he would not prove to be at least as active a purveyor of food for the community as the landlord is now."

STRONG LANGUAGE.

IT might seem to require a lifetime to estimate strength of language at its true value. Those who have a past to look back upon are increasingly struck by the recoil of telling utterances—forcible words that once went for so much to themselves—upon the authors of them. The time too often comes when the strongest words, put together with the most deliberate intention by men who knew the meaning of what they said and believed themselves to be saying what they meant, instead of being testimonies to sustained force of conviction, are the most awkward of all witnesses to inconsistency and change, to the power of circumstances and the subtle hidden temptations of self-interest. The speakers perhaps thought that, because the expression was vehement and committed them to a course, they were expressing their whole selves; but we see now that it was only part of them that spoke. Something which is more intimately the man's nature and self has acted in the long run in direct opposition to his most emphatic, sharply-defined, memorable sayings of a past date. This perhaps sounds a mere commonplace. It has been said often enough before now that humanity is weak and unstable, and that people must express themselves according to their nature, and be vehement if that nature is impulsive. But the question is whether the recoil we speak of is mainly due to such inherent weakness and inconstancy; whether some want of simplicity of intention, at the time equally unsuspected by speaker and hearer, the sort of duplicity that haunts rhetorical display, has not more to do with it. It is a great thing for a mind solely absorbed in its subject by the mere force of conviction to condense its meaning into memorable sounding words. The belief must have a strong grasp to dictate such expressions, apart from any solicitude to dress it in felicitous terms; and words thus spoken will stand the wear and tear of life. But in most epigrammatic sayings, political, religious, or personal, sayings that live in men's memories as characteristic of the speaker, there is something which betrays to a matured experience a double action at the moment of utterance, a solicitude to set off the speaker's self to advantage, a care that shared the mind's attention with the subject itself, and led to conscious sacrifice of truth to effect. There are signs of deliberate exaggeration in order to cut a figure, and to illustrate, together with the matter in hand, the wit, readiness, vehemence, and passion on which the speaker was in the habit of valuing himself—all at the cost of absolute sincerity. It is difficult to say what a mind in this mood will not commit itself to in order to condense a judgment into a nutshell, and reduce it to a size and portableness that any memory can carry. A case in point, except that the recoil on the speaker came much sooner than in the ordinary course of events, occurs in a neat trenchant saying of Gibbon's, recorded against him by Charles Fox. The odd volume of the *Decline and Fall* that contained it, when sold under an execution, fetched three guineas—more, we are told, for the memorandum in the handwriting of the owner than for the book itself. It ran thus:—"I received this work from the author. N.B.—I heard him declare at Brook's, the day after the Rescript of Spain was notified, that nothing could save this country but six heads (of certain Ministers whom he named) upon the table. In fourteen days after this anathema he became a Lord of Trade, and has ever since talked out of the House as he has voted in it, the advocate and champion of those Ministers. CHARLES FOX." It was the ambition to live beyond the moment in the memory of his hearers that suggested to the great historian this form for his opinion, for of course no one will suppose that this sanguinary method of epigrammatic censure meant what it said. This, however, is an extreme example.

No doubt epigrammatic language has an educating power. Strong words, well and roundly uttered, impress the young hearer with the sense of a strong presence—which it is a good thing now and then to feel—the presence of a vigorous will, deep convictions, a fearless advocacy of truth, or of what the speaker holds for truth. His words seem to constitute him a permanent exponent and champion of opinion; they mark him as exceptional and distinct. Inexperience cannot help regarding strong words not only as the expression of intense and even original thought, but also as trammels willingly assumed. The man is seen in the act of binding himself, and limiting his choice of action. Every epithet is supposed to be a link in the chain, every round assertion commits him to all futurity. Words fail of their power, and even miss their aim, if they do not do something of all this, and, doing this, they quicken the blood, and set the hearer's thoughts in a train outside of his small personal interests; and yet what words uttered under the mixed motives we have indicated stand the test of time, and do not, in the course of events, rise up against

the speaker? There are occasions when strong things need to be said, when moderate men therefore accept the duty of saying them; but it is taking them out of their way; they retire into themselves after saying them. But we speak rather of those with whom the task is self-chosen because it is congenial. A party cannot do without men of this turn, men whose minds adapt themselves instinctively to this method of expression; there is a work for vehement language to do—at least all sides seem to find it so; but people who encourage themselves in it become tools in the process, and suffer the fate of tools in being used up and degenerating in the service. This subsidence into a mere habit of speech, which, as it grows in wordy strength, tells less and less for weight and permanence of conviction, this losing the sense of the value of words, is what saddens observers who can compare a man's present with his past.

Lacordaire, speaking of the rhetoric of the extreme Ultramontane party of his day, describes this degeneracy. "Their style is always the same; full of spleen and outrageous personalities. The whole secret of that style consists in finding out some insult for a substantive and some other insult for an adjective." "Look," he asks again, "at the story of our troubles, and tell me who are those whose memory has remained pure; those only who were never extreme; all others have forfeited the esteem of their country." But here, probably, prejudice would be enough to keep the yituperators in one key. These are not the people who change their note; the recoil we have spoken of does not come from any change in them, but from the change of the world towards them. Nothing tends more to ensure a certain consistency than strong prejudice, which can be forcible to the end without danger of eating its words; the concise verdict recorded of some sturdy Briton by Dr. Johnson, "For anything I see, all foreigners are fools," was not likely to be reversed by time. Consistency of this sort, which can safely indulge in strong utterance, is simple and one-sided; larger natures are confronted by another side which holds their tongue in check, or punishes them if they give it license. In this way a man's blind followers are in little danger so long as he himself keeps his ground. As a rule, though not always, the strong language of which we are thinking belongs more to followers than to leaders, to the exponent of another man's views rather than to the originator. If people will recall the occasions on which they have indulged in a strength of language which does not harmonize with their present feeling, they will probably find that it was under the support of another judgment than their own, of opinions taken up, not derived from their inner self. We may note in others that where a man is vehement against his nature, his vehemence of words attaches not to his original bias but to borrowed and adopted opinions; hence a subsequent contradiction, in which we may find more to praise for the candour of recantation than to blame for the inconsistency.

Strong words which do not give expression to the speaker's own thought take the place of action in his mind. We see this whenever party warfare runs high. When action is called for, men moderate the force of their words. It is not only that politicians in office are restrained by motives of policy from the license they allowed themselves in opposition. The temptation to wound with the tongue flags in everybody with the sense of real work. Thus surgeons with this sense of power use a studied mildness of speech. A late eminent practitioner had a favourite phrase, "a little something," which he was wont to apply to some of the most formidable operations of his art. There is a literal sense in which words are weapons on which we need not dwell, except to say that, under the most unveiled ferocity of purpose, we see the same double action of thought—the desire not only to move others, but also to do one's self credit in the manner of moving them. When M. Rochefort (of whom the saying was reported) told a mob of Communists that "society owed but one duty to princes before putting them to death—that of identification," the satisfaction of turning off a neat, terse sentence must have divided the orator's thoughts with his ostensible object.

Our ears are so much more used to the strong language of denunciation than to its opposite that, with many persons, the words suggest nothing else. There is, however, a vehemence of praise which is subject to exactly the same reversal through time and change. People are sometimes so attracted and fascinated by an object which falls in with and supports some view or theory then occupying their minds that, in its presence, impressions of memory are absolutely obliterated; nothing was ever comparable to the thing in hand; it is eulogized in a strain of extravagant panegyric which lives much longer in the memory of the hearer than of him who spoke it, and whose recollection sees it in very different colours. With him it has served its turn. It is very true that some people can only express themselves through hyperbole. Their minds are so little analytical that all minute shades of difference are lost to them. Indolent minds take refuge in it as saving trouble. To say modestly of a thing, says La Bruyère, that it is good or bad, requires good sense and correct expression; *c'est une affaire*. It is much shorter to say decidedly, in a tone that dispenses with proof, it is execrable, it is miraculous. This, of course, goes far to explain the strength of the current social vocabulary. A strong thing, said seriously, ought to cost a man something; it ought to take something out of him; he ought not to say it and forget it. But this seriousness is not incumbent on us always. A lusty hyperbole is admitted to be one of the lurking-places of wit; such sayings, uttered with a jocund courage, are invigorating performances. Even the hearer, who could not—dare not perhaps—say such things himself, when he listens to another pronouncing,

denouncing, vituperating, feels as if he were lifted above the dead level of monotonous life. A character hit off in a short formula of memorable words lives in his mind; though in the end it may tell more against the consistency of the painter than for the truth of his picture. Biographers are often unjust towards their subjects in preserving such utterances. An arrogant saying is left on record, and perhaps lives in the reader's memory when all else fades into indistinctness; such, for example, as the late Mme. Bunsen's summary judgment of the *Heart of Midlothian*—Scott being disparaged in her circle—as “mere book-making.”

Perhaps it is no argument against strong words that men cannot always live up to them. The preacher who denounces the holder of another creed from the pulpit and fraternizes with him in private has a line that may be clear to himself, though he perplexes the congregation which he has indoctrinated with his views. We are too complex in our nature and our duties towards one another for our mutual relations to be settled in a few sentences, though these may be true as far as they go, or as true as it was in the nature of the speaker to put them; for it must be observed that the teachers and preachers who make the deepest and most lasting impressions are not the sayers of strong things. They are not tempted to say them, for they can do without them.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

IT was not to be expected that a Government which has been savagely attacked for extravagance would, on the eve of a dissolution, bring forward large naval Estimates; and perhaps the Lords of the Admiralty deserve credit for not being carried too far by a desire for economy which naturally becomes intense as Parliament approaches its end, and for introducing Estimates which are only a little lower than those for 1879-80. These amounted to 10,586,894*l.*, while those for the coming financial year are 10,452,935*l.*; so that the net decrease is 93,959*l.*, which for the national exchequer is a small sum. It may possibly be thought that the real decrease in the actual cost to the country will be much greater, inasmuch as the expenditure during the current year has largely exceeded the estimates; but this view would not be correct, as the increase has not been due to charges which can be rightly debited to the navy, but to those which were incurred for the conveyance of troops. The sum, therefore, which is demanded for the maintenance of the navy during 1880-81 may be considered as practically the same as that which has been required for the expiring year; and those who have some regard for the efficiency of that service on which the very existence of the country may at any time depend will be glad that the Cabinet has not sought an easy popularity by making a large reduction. Still it is to be observed that, if no exaggerated dread of the hustings has been shown, the wish for apparent economy has exercised a powerful influence, and that, as has been pointed out in the *Times*, the Estimates are now lower than they were during the last year of Mr. Goschen's administration at the Admiralty. Whether the sum now demanded is sufficient, or anything like sufficient, for keeping up such fleets as this country would inevitably require in the event of a great war is, to say the least, doubtful in the extreme; but before considering this question it may be well to draw attention to the leading features of the present statement, and to the singular nature of one of the reductions which are contemplated.

That part of the Estimates which is scanned with the closest attention, and is rightly made the subject of the most careful criticism, is that relating to the ship-building work which is to be executed in the national dockyards or by contract. Here the Estimates show a decrease in charge and an increase in the tons' weight of hull to be built. The total amount demanded for dockyards and naval stores is 2,354,585*l.* against 2,385,000*l.* voted last year, so that the decrease is 30,415*l.* The expenditure on shipbuilding by contract is to be 769,000*l.*, or 73,000*l.* less than what was required for the expiring year. For these sums 12,636 tons' weight of hull are to be built at the dockyards, and 4,310 tons at private yards. Last year the shipbuilding work to be executed at the national dockyards was estimated at 12,151 tons, and the contractors' work was stated at 3,127 tons. On the whole, then, there is an increase in the tonnage to be built, while the expenditure is to be smaller; and, at first sight, this seems satisfactory enough. But all satisfaction vanishes when the detailed account of the shipbuilding work which is to be carried on at the public dockyards is examined. If it is only less by a little than it was last year, that is because the work was comparatively easy, owing to the great exertions which were made when a war with Russia seemed imminent. It is difficult to imagine that any one who has given attention to naval affairs can suppose that the proposed additions to the navy are such as ought to be made when the present strength of foreign naval armaments and the work which our navy would have to do in the event of a war are considered. With regard to the most important vessels in a modern fleet, the ironclads, the list is miserably deficient. Not very long ago we pointed out that this country only possesses four vessels fit for service which can properly be considered as first-class turret ships, three which may be classed as second-rate, five broadside vessels of the first and six of the second rank. This certainly forms no very mighty squadron for such a power as Great Britain, and, seeing what France and Italy are doing, there can hardly be a doubt that our

fleet of armoured ships ought to be considerably increased. Very small, however, is the number of ironclad men-of-war to be added to the navy in 1880-81. One of these, the *Inflexible*, is, it is true, a great vessel; but, though her completion is now promised, it has been delayed so long that it may be regarded, like the completion of Cologne Cathedral, as something to be hoped for rather than expected. Begun in 1874, she is, it is said, to be finished some time before March 1881; but very likely when that month comes round she will still be in the hands of the artificers. No other ironclad built at the national dockyards is to be added to the efficient fleet this year; but the *Superb* and *Neptune*, which were bought in 1878, and were generally thought to have been ready long ago, are to have some considerable alterations made in their armaments, while the *Orion*, purchased in the same year, is to be completed. One vessel which may be finished, and three vessels which were supposed to have been finished some time since, scarcely represent such an addition to the navy as Englishmen should desire. With other armoured vessels the work to be done is not more remarkable. The *Agamemnon* and *Ajax* are to be advanced to $\frac{75}{100}$ ths and $\frac{69}{100}$ ths of completion respectively; the *Polyphemus*—that torpedo-ram of which so much has been said—to $\frac{80}{100}$ ths; the *Colossus*, a new steel armour-plated turret-ship, to $\frac{109}{100}$ ths; and the *Majestic* and *Conqueror*, two other turret-ships, to $\frac{29}{100}$ ths and $\frac{49}{100}$ ths of completion respectively. Two new ironclads are to be commenced; but, as no money is allotted to one, and only a very trifling sum to the other, they scarcely belong to the construction of 1880-81. The Estimates, it should be said, do not indicate whether they are to be powerful sea-going vessels or comparatively small ships for coast defence. Very moderate, then, and indeed not a little disappointing, are the undertakings of the Admiralty with regard to armour-plated vessels for the next twelve months. Rather more ambition is shown respecting other ships, as one corvette, one large despatch vessel, four sloops, and fifteen gunboats are to be finished. Even with this portion of the fleet, however, there will be no very active effort, and, on the whole, the proposed additions to the strength of the navy in 1880-81 must be pronounced to be lamentably insufficient when patent facts, which none but Radical orators and Cabinet Ministers eager for economy can ignore, are taken into consideration.

The reduction then on the total sum demanded for shipbuilding and stores is due to an exaggerated economy for which the Government is not perhaps to be severely blamed, but which nevertheless is deeply to be regretted. Most of the other reductions seem unimportant; but there is one which cannot be too strongly condemned. Last year Mr. Smith reduced the number of boys in the Navy by 1,000, and thereby effected a comparatively trifling saving. Now he proposes to reduce the number still further. During the ensuing year there will be 400 less boys than are employed under the reduced estimate of 1879-80, and the country will save their rations, and in wages the gigantic sum of 3,906*l.* A more striking example of unwise and petty saving can hardly be imagined. The boys who are now at work on board vessels of war and training ships will, in due course of time, help to man the navy. It requires now a considerable period to train a man-of-war seaman, and, in the event of a war, the ranks of the navy could no longer be recruited from the merchant service as of old. The men of the Naval Reserve would no doubt be of great use, but they would be far inferior to those who from their youth had been trained on board the Queen's ships. To diminish the number of boys in the wholesale manner that is now proposed is, for the sake of a very small present gain in money, to weaken essentially the fleet of the future, and to cause a deficiency which in time of need cannot be remedied by any possible administrative effort. Strange to say, the diminution made in the number of boys scarcely attracted any notice last year, and though there was some discussion about comparatively trivial questions relating to the Estimates, this unwise reduction passed almost unobserved. It is to be hoped that when the Estimates are discussed this Session some attention will be given to the manner in which the future efficiency of the navy is being endangered for the sake of a saving which would appear inconsiderable to the officials of a private company. There are naval reformers in the House of Commons who are old enough to remember the time when there was very great difficulty in manning the navy, and they can hardly approve of measures which must inevitably cause a recurrence of this difficulty in the event of a war.

The desire for economy which has prompted such a reduction as this, and has also fettered works at the dockyards, cannot but be deeply deplored, for never perhaps in a time of peace has the importance of maintaining a powerful navy been so obvious as it is now. There is the necessity of keeping pace with the navies of foreign Powers, to the great strength of which Sir Spencer Robinson has so opportunely drawn notice; and, in addition to this, a new necessity of the most imperious kind has arisen. As has been pointed out lately by ourselves and by others, the navy would, in a war, have to protect, not only our commerce and our dependencies, but even the very food of the people. We now derive a considerable part of our supplies from America, and it seems not improbable that before long we shall derive a part from Australia. An enemy who could stop the stream of vessels carrying meat and grain would do as much harm as an enemy who could plunder homesteads and stop the cattle and corn traffic on the railways. No attempt to disprove the possibility of such a blow being struck has been made, and we venture to predict that none will be made, as it is but too painfully clear

that an enterprising foe would make a desperate, and perhaps successful, effort to intercept our supplies of food. Some fanatics think, and some dishonest men pretend to think, that this country need never go to war, and these no doubt would find in the probability of such an attack a reason for avoiding hostilities under any circumstances; but none who are rational and honest can doubt that a war may be forced on Great Britain just as a lawsuit may be forced on an equitable and pacific man. Should we become involved in war, a considerable portion of our supplies may be stopped, unless we have a very large and powerful navy; yet, strange to say, the time when this fact has become most apparent is the time chosen for indulging in short-sighted parsimony, and for relaxing the effort to maintain and increase our fleets. For this most unfortunate and inopportune economy, however, it would be hard to hold the Admiralty exclusively responsible. The First Lord may have been very unwise in one of his reductions, and the constructors, in their desire to make the *Inflexible* as perfect as possible, may have kept her too long in hand; but there can be no doubt that, on the whole, the affairs of the Admiralty are well administered, that the money voted is wisely spent, and that, if there is slackness at the dockyards, it is because not nearly enough money is voted to keep them active, and to make such additions as should be made to our fleets.

KEEPING ONE'S CARRIAGE.

AMONG the numerous forms of domestic tyranny which people love to inflict upon themselves there are few greater than that which is sometimes involved in the possession of a carriage. It is no uncommon thing to see men who have spent one half of their lives in longing for this luxury pass the remaining half in a state bordering on utter misery, arising from an almost invincible reluctance to use the very thing for which they have so ardently wished. The motives for this reluctance are somewhat difficult to explain. It does not arise, as a rule, from pure humanity, for many men who will not allow their own horses to be overworked will think nothing of ordering a fly whenever an exceptionally long or arduous journey has to be performed. Nor does it necessarily arise from any wish to deprive one's family or belongings of pleasure or recreation, for where such a wish was possible the carriage would never have been purchased. It is generally due to an exaggerated estimate which all men are more or less prone to form of the value of their own horses, and to a consequent apprehension of the results of too much work in the shape of veterinary surgeons' bills. This feeling, if allowed to grow unchecked by considerations of necessity, seldom fails to attain to a pitch which, as we have already observed, entails little short of actual misery on the proprietor.

Let us suppose the case of a man living in the country who has brought up a tolerably large family on anything but a large income. He has had a somewhat hard struggle, but his principal difficulties are now tided over. His elder sons are making their own way in the world, one or two daughters are married, and only a few of the younger children remain under the paternal roof. He finds that advancing years involve an advancing bill for hired conveyance, and why should he not possess his own carriage? It will merely be the actual cost of the horse and the vehicle; for his garden is small, the gardener announces his ability to fulfil the double duty, there is a stable and coach-house standing invitingly empty, and there is a patch of meadow on which the horse can graze. His wife on being consulted gives her cordial approval—more likely than not she had herself put the notion into his head—and the sole question now remaining is as to the description of carriage to be procured. After much hesitation and discussion a brougham is probably determined on as the most suitable for use both by day and night, and for a time all goes well. The formidable array of calls which had gradually accumulated is quickly cleared off; dinner parties and dances become more frequent, and every one is highly pleased. Before long, however, a change is perceptible. The gardener or coachman begins to find the night work irksome and to resent it; but he has sufficient sagacity to put his objections on the score of solicitude for the horse, not for himself. The animal, he says, is kept waiting too long in the cold when the carriage is ordered to take up, and, unless this is altered, he cannot be responsible for the consequences. Some slight resistance is perhaps attempted; but the man has got up his case, the master has not, and the former is ready with innumerable instances of horses rendered useless by exposure and sold at a fearful sacrifice, of veterinary surgeons' bills of unheard-of length, and divers others equally potent arguments. The master is silenced, if not convinced, makes the first fatal concession, and gives in. From that hour the family might, as far as pleasure is concerned, almost as well give up going out at all. It is not enough, when they do go to a party, that the carriage is ordered to take them home at an unconscionably early hour; for full ten minutes before it is due the unfortunate owner is fidgeting about, taking furtive peeps through curtains and shutters, and making himself and everybody else generally uncomfortable. In vain do the girls, supported by their mother, plead that the programme is barely half over, that their best dances are yet to come, and that their horse can bear waiting as well as other people's; he is deaf alike to persuasion and argument, and at length the family are fain, for very peace sake, to tear themselves away, almost wishing they had never come. Emboldened by success, the coachman

next determines to have a veto put upon going out at night at all, and again he carries his point. He informs his master that the horse is rapidly losing condition, and that it is too delicate to stand night air, in addition to which he hints that when he does go out it is not properly treated. Being asked for explanations on this last point he coolly proceeds to demolish the reputation of all the stables within a radius of ten miles. At Mr. Brown's they are draughty, at Mr. Jones's they are not ventilated at all, at Mr. Robinson's there is nothing but hard water, while at Mr. Smith's they give mouldy hay. The luckless master suspects that the whole thing is unmitigated humbug; he sees that his horse is really in perfect condition; but he can neither reply to the torrent of argument, nor summon moral courage to resist the imposition. So the carriage goes out no more at night, its place being taken by a fly, much to the delight of the young ones, who can now enjoy their parties in peace.

Finding himself master of the situation, the man carries the war a step further and assails one of the most important and useful functions of a carriage—namely, that of going to and from the railway station with visitors or even members of the family. The usual type of argument is once more resorted to. Trains are always late, and the horse has to stand in the cold—an infliction which, we may casually remark, is not shared by the driver if there is a public-house handy. Luggage knocks the carriage about; it is not the kind of work on which a gentleman's carriage ought to be employed; only last week a horse was frightened by a passing express and ran away, smashing a valuable carriage to pieces, and so on *ad libitum*. In the end the functions of the carriage are limited to an occasional afternoon drive for the purpose of shopping or visiting, the drive being performed at the exhilarating rate of about four miles an hour, not including sundry stoppages to rest the horse whenever a gentle gradient, dignified with the name of hill, is safely surmounted, to accomplish which feat the occupants, including the ladies, are made to turn out and drag their dresses over a mile or so of dusty road. Were it not an acknowledged fact that no work is worse for a horse than too much, the animal would simply never leave the stable at all, and the necessity for occasional exercise frequently renders the carriage a positive nuisance. On a certain day Paterfamilias will announce at lunch that the horse has not been out for three days, and requires an airing. The family arrangements for the afternoon have already been made, but must now be given up, and a solemn and uninteresting drive substituted. The next morning brings an unexpected invitation to a picnic or afternoon party at a distance, and application is at once made for the carriage. Not at all; "the horse was out yesterday, and may have to go out again to-morrow," is the reply. If the unfortunate owner is good-natured, a fly is promised; if not, the young people retire discomfited, asking each other, not without reason, what on earth is the use of a carriage which can only be used when they do not want it, and never when they do. As time goes on matters become worse and worse. Formerly it was considered an offence to keep the horse waiting at night; now the objection extends with equal force to the daytime. If any of the family wish to drive out they are requested to state the precise moment at which they want the carriage brought round, and woe betide them if they are not ready to the minute. It matters nothing that the master of the house is not going with them; that he has, in fact, a pressing engagement elsewhere; nothing will induce him to leave the house until he has seen them off, and accordingly he takes his stand in the hall, watch in hand, and keeps up a perpetual worry and fuss. Card-cases, purses, rugs, umbrellas, everything, in fact, likely to be useful, are perforce left behind; the party are bundled into the carriage like cattle into a truck, and then he goes his way rejoicing, because the horse has not been kept waiting.

Another delusion cherished by the victims of this peculiar monomania is a deeply-rooted idea that no one but themselves or their coachmen can manage their horses. The particular animal in question may be as old as Methuselah or as quiet as a lamb, but it makes no difference. It may happen that a grown-up son is on a visit home, and one day offers to take the girls out for a drive. Such an idea cannot, however, be entertained for a moment. Not that the father is ill-natured; on the contrary, he likes to see his young folk enjoy themselves; but he is firmly convinced that, unless he is present, something is sure to go wrong. Accordingly, the most absurd excuses are unblushingly put forward. It is too hot, or too cold; there is going to be a shower; the roads are bad, and not fit for driving; and, in one extreme case, we have known the goodness of the roads pleaded as an excuse for refusing, on the ground that the horse would be sure to be over-driven. As the unhappy man grows older this mania grows stronger and stronger, until the carriage lies idle for five days in the week. In vain is it pointed out to him that the horse of his neighbour the doctor is doing its hundred miles a week and is in perfect condition; that many tradesmen, and notably butchers, work their cattle even harder; he inwardly admits the truth of the reasoning, but cannot bring himself to apply it to his own precious animal. His annual bill for frys has meanwhile gradually mounted up to its old figure, if not even higher; but he can neither bring himself to sell his carriage nor to use it. It remains a dead weight on his hands; and he ends by wishing heartily that he had stuck to hiring, and never bought one at all.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

THE death of Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth, removes by far the most distinguished divine, with one notable exception, of the English-speaking Roman Catholic body, the only born member of that body, except the late Cardinal Wiseman, who could be said to stand in the first class of scholars or theologians. Under any other Pope than Pius IX. he would long since have been raised to the episcopate, if not to the Sacred College, and it is highly characteristic of the influence which for many years past has prevailed at the Vatican that a man of some practical shrewdness and the narrowest Ultramontane views, but wholly devoid of any intellectual tastes or distinction, like Cardinal Cullen, should have received the highest honours of his Church, while the greatest living scholar among his Roman Catholic countrymen was persistently kept out in the cold. That Dr. Russell would have been, as was generally reported, the first Irish Cardinal named by the present Pope, we can readily believe. It is said indeed that, but for his failing health, he would have succeeded Dr. Cullen last year as Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin. But that he should never have attained any higher dignity than that of President of Maynooth—for which of course he was eminently qualified, but which he owed not to the authorities of his Church but to the British Government—is after all intelligible enough. That he was himself, like Cardinal Newman, averse to promotion and publicity, and preferred the quiet life of a student and recluse, may be quite true, but that is not the reason why he was never promoted. When we say that he was a man of scholarly mind, and of great and varied learning and intellectual culture, well versed in languages, ecclesiastical history, and patristic literature as well as in theology, the translator of Leibnitz's *Systema Theologicum*, and a contributor to both the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the *English Encyclopedia*, it is hardly necessary to add that he was very far from being an Ultramontane. It is true that at one time he was associated with Dr., afterwards Cardinal, Wiseman in the conduct of the *Dublin Review*; but in those days Dr. Wiseman, who was himself a scholar and a man of learning, affected a broad and moderate line, and professed a warm admiration of Lamennais and even of Dr. Arnold. It was before the great reaction had set in at Rome, and the Tractarian converts had taught their English co-religionists that purity of Catholic doctrine was to be measured by its extreme divergence from every form, and especially from the Anglican form, of Protestantism. Dr. Russell was not, in fact, at all the kind of man whom the late Pope delighted to honour, nor would he have proved a suitable instrument for the work entrusted to Dr. Cullen of Romanizing the Irish priesthood. That his influence in moulding the successive generations of candidates for the priesthood placed under his care at Maynooth has not left more perceptible traces may be partly due to that very width and refinement of intellectual cultivation which most of them were little capable of appreciating. The endowment of Maynooth, whether a wise measure or not on other grounds, had the indirect but inevitable effect of lowering rather than raising the social and intellectual status of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy. Before that time many of them used to receive their education abroad, which implied that their parents were in a position to make some outlay upon it, and where moreover their mental horizon was likely to be enlarged by new associations. But a free education, with an assured position but small and precarious income afterwards, has naturally attracted the youth of the peasant class and sons of small tradesmen, who now compose the bulk of the Irish priesthood. It is not, however, for this reason alone that Dr. Russell has, to all appearance, failed to leave his mark upon them as a body. The influence of Rome, and those who represented the mind of Rome in Ireland, was against him. On this, however, we shall have a word to say presently.

To many of our readers Dr. Russell's name may be chiefly known, or chiefly interesting, from his connexion with the religious career of Cardinal Newman. To speak indeed, as some of the papers have done, and as is implied in the *Times*' obituary, of his principal claim to remembrance being "the direct authorship of the conversion of John Henry Newman to the Roman Catholic Church," is simply absurd. That result was due, as every one who is even moderately acquainted with the works of the eminent convert must be well aware, to his own solitary study and meditations, and not to any personal influences from without. What he says of Dr. Russell in the *Apologia* is that "he had, perhaps, more to do with my conversion than any one else"—which is quite another thing; he repeats again and again how little anybody had to do with it, and how studiously he held aloof from personal intercourse with Roman Catholics to the last. What happened was this—that in the summer of 1841 Dr. Russell, in passing through Oxford, called on Mr. Newman at Oriel, who took him over some of the University buildings; and again another summer he called on him on his way from Dublin to London. "I do not recollect," adds the author, "that he said a word on the subject of religion on either occasion." It was in fact to this studious abstention from all attempts at proselytizing that he owed whatever influence he may have exercised over Dr. Newman's mind. "He sent me at different times several letters; he was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncontroversial. He let me alone." We may observe in passing that it is by the same method of letting them alone to follow out their own convictions that Dr. Newman himself has won over such recruits as his personal influence has attracted to the Roman Church—

a method very unlike that of another distinguished convert, who is fond of hurrying proselytes over the Rubicon after half an hour's conversation, sometimes to find them two or three days later recross the stream uttering anything but benedictions on him and his cause. Dr. Russell's letters no doubt helped to remove some anti-Roman prepossessions from the mind of the future Cardinal, though they cannot with any accuracy be said to have "resulted in his determination to join the Roman Church." He also gave Mr. Newman one or two books, which served the same purpose, and it is worth noting what they were. One was a volume of Liguori's sermons, without any references to "Mariolatry"—and there are whole volumes of his sermons which might be preached with much edification from an Evangelical pulpit—and another was "Veron's Rule of Faith." The selection of this last by Dr. Russell is very significant. Our readers may possibly recollect that we had occasion to refer to it the other day in connexion with the Roman doctrine of canonization, and it is constantly quoted in a curious work published early in the last century, *Proposal for Catholic Communion by a Minister of the Church of England*, noticed at some length in our columns three years ago, and which has since been reprinted in accordance with a suggestion we then ventured to make, and under the title prefixed to our article of *An Eirenicon of the Eighteenth Century*. And it is frequently quoted there precisely because it presents Roman doctrine in its most moderate and conciliatory form. Veron was a Gallican divine of the first half of the seventeenth century, who disclaims Papal infallibility and autocracy, and so treats the doctrine of the Mass and the Sacraments that a well-known Anglican controversialist of the Oxford movement, Sir W. Palmer, says he has no material fault to find with his teaching on these points. We fear Veron would be considered little better than a heretic by modern Ultramontanes, but it was his *Regula Fidei* which Dr. Russell presented to Mr. Newman, and it held formerly such high authority in Ireland that Archbishop Murray cited it before a Committee of the House of Commons as the most authentic exposition of Catholic doctrine. It is a brief and admirably lucid treatise, and we observe that it is mentioned in the *Apologia* without a word of censure. Such then was the nature and extent of Dr. Russell's intercourse with Mr. Newman at Oxford, which afterwards, when the latter was called to preside over the so-called Catholic University of Dublin, ripened into a warm and lasting friendship.

We have already explained why Dr. Russell so little succeeded in infusing into the general body of the Irish priesthood the *mitis sapientia* characteristic of his own gentle and cultivated mind. Cardinal Cullen, who was an active and conscientious prelate, did something no doubt towards taming the rowdiness of the "surpliced ruffians"—as the *Times* used to call them—whose aggressive nationalism was apt to be a good deal more conspicuous than their devotion to Catholic interests. That was part of the special work he was sent from Rome to effect, but he did it not by elevating their standard of mental culture so much as by imposing a rigid system of Roman drill, and reforms of that sort cannot touch the root of the evil—they are too skin-deep to endure. At this moment numbers of Irish priests are popularly reputed to be Fenians; not of course that they actually belong to a secret Society under the ban of their Church, but that their sympathies are with the party it represents. We heard only the other day of an Irish country gentleman, who is not only a devout and exemplary Roman Catholic, but a model landlord, residing on his property and devoting himself heart and soul to the interest of his tenants, being "denounced from the altar" in three different churches. The fact is that the spread of education is loosening the old traditional hold of the priesthood over the masses, which was partly based on mere habit or superstition, and as they have not qualified themselves to reclaim their influence on higher grounds, they are constrained too often to clutch at a fresh lease of power by throwing themselves once more into the stream of popular agitation. With such revolutionary courses Rome can never have any sympathy, and Cardinal Cullen was placed at Dublin to check them. But neither could those who exemplified in their own lives a nobler ideal and might have trained their brethren to better things—men like Dr. Russell and Bishop Moriarty—command the confidence of Rome. Bishop Doyle in the last generation, Bishop Moriarty and Dr. Russell in our own day, represented a type of higher ecclesiastical dignities which the Roman Catholic Church is fast losing, and can ill afford to lose, not only in Ireland but elsewhere. In Italy it is almost extinct; in France it barely survived the fall of the Gallican Church; the Syllabus and the Vatican Council are killing it out in Germany. Throughout the long pontificate of Pius IX. the Curia waged an internecine warfare with a spirit which was in the Church but not of it, as they understood the matter, and in the persons of Dr. Dollinger and his allies they hoped to have cast it out. Leo XIII. is differently minded, but it remains to be seen how far he will be able to arrest the fatal results of a policy so long and so studiously identified with the whole framework of ecclesiastical government, and which received its apotheosis in decrees which it may prove equally inconvenient to enforce or to disclaim. What Dr. Russell, who used to make Veron's *Regula Fidei* his textbook, thought of Papal infallibility we are never likely to hear. But it can hardly have caused less embarrassment to him than to the late Bishop Haneberg, who assured Dr. Dollinger that after again going over the whole historical argument he could find no support for it in the traditions of the Church, but finally acquiesced on the desperate

plen that perhaps the Church might require a new doctrine to meet the emergencies of the present age. The standing tradition of the Irish Roman Catholic Church was directly opposed to the doctrine, and the most widely known catechism, composed by an Irish priest and disseminated under episcopal sanction over the length and breadth of the country, denounced it as "a Protestant invention," fathered on Catholics by the ignorance or malice of their assailants. Dr. Russell must have been familiar with Keenan's Catechism from his youth, and would probably have appealed to it as freely as Veron's manual up to July 1870. It must have been a bitter humiliation to him in his later years to feel that either his Church had changed her faith, or he had all his life been wrong on a point which concerns the very foundations of Christian belief. Meanwhile in him his country has lost a man looked up to by all who had the advantage of knowing him, whether members of his own communion or others, not merely as a kindly and dignified ecclesiastic and a learned professor, but as a typical example of a gentleman, a scholar, and a divine.

ABOO ROWASH.

EVERY traveller, even the least adventurous, likes to visit places unvisited by other travellers. Ladies like to be "the only lady who ever ascended" some mountain, or "the only lady who ever descended" into some cavern. People of experience in the ways of guide-book writers frequently hit upon such places by finding them labelled as "not worth the trouble," or "not worth the fatigue," of a visit. Among the excursions from Cairo, Aboo Rowash shares this fate. The writers of the handbooks and tourists who describe their adventures on the Nile can never have ascended to the strange pyramid which is perched on the top of this mountain, or they would not say, as most of them do, that it presents little of interest. The excursion is very easily made. There are no Arabs to mob you, as at the great pyramids. You can sit in solitude on the nameless ruins, and eat your sandwich without a dozen spectators watching every morsel with hungry eyes. And this year, when the Boolak Museum is closed for repair and rearrangement, and when Cairo is already noisy with preparations for the Prophet's birthday, and the streets crowded with processions singing to welcome the pilgrims from Mecca, it is pleasant to escape for a time with a sympathetic companion or two and try for ourselves whether there is nothing to see on the mountain. We have often looked at it from afar. It is conspicuous from Gheezeh, a high, white, flat-topped precipice—how high we cannot tell from a distance, but evidently much higher than the rocky platform on which the Great Pyramid stands. It is difficult to believe that any very large building can exist in such an inaccessible situation; yet, looking from the plain, we can just descry a cairn of some kind on the very summit. Aboo Rowash is, in truth, the highest of the Libyan chain which borders the cultivated land on the west—the highest, that is, of the mountains visible from the river, between the Delta and the Fyoom. It may rise as much as four hundred feet above the plain, and the face towards the river is a sheer cliff of remarkable, almost chalky, whiteness. The green Delta comes close up to it on the north. The yellow desert stretches in wide sandy slopes to the south. Behind it to the west is the unknown land of dark rocks and trackless wastes which the ancients, who saw the sun depart thither each evening, called Amenti, the hidden abode of the dead.

We first make for the great pyramids along the avenue of acacias which the late Khedive constructed in 1868 for the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Arabs who see us approaching are disappointed when we turn our donkeys' heads northward and leave the road with only a glance at the pyramids. It is a long way, they tell us, to Aboo Rowash; there is nothing to be seen there, they assert; but when we question them particularly, we soon ascertain that not one of them has ever ascended the mountain, or knows what is on the top. Continuing our course along the edge of the desert, and only stopping here and there to pick up specimens of the beautiful little flowers which grow in the sandy turf, we reach at length, after an hour's further ride, a valley which leads up towards the cliff. The sand is deep, yet a torrent seems, from the marks it has left, to have occasionally, if not often, run its brief course through the defile, which, becoming gradually narrower and more rocky, reminds those of us who have been at Thebes of the approach to the tombs of the Kings. At length we have to alight, and desiring our attendants to take the donkeys on to the point at which we propose to descend, we apply ourselves to climbing. A little way up we diverge to the right to visit a cave. It is a mere cleft in the rock, but when we peer into the darkness beyond, we discover that it extends some yards into the face of the rock. There is a black smoky look about the entrance which answers well to the horrible memories of the place. Here, no long time ago, the slave-trading Arabs used to come with their caravans, and in that hideous hole used to store their human merchandise. The blackness is caused by smoke; for here, it is said, on one occasion, if not oftener, a fire has been lighted to force some unhappy slave to come forth from his inner recesses, in which he—perhaps she—had endeavoured to hide.

Turning away with a shudder, we ascend a steep ridge of black rocks by a series of natural steps. Soon we are at the level of the

summit of the white cliff on our right. Its face is marked by the fall from above of great blocks of limestone, which have come down in a cascade and lie in heaps of *débris* below. Thus it is that the buildings which the ancient kings had been at such pains to raise on the plateau were gradually dilapidated by modern marauders too lazy to quarry for themselves. Once on the top, we encounter, at the southern edge, what may have been a pyramid, but is now only a square of two or three courses of cut stone, stone so much disintegrated that few traces of cutting remain. Beyond it is another, rather higher, but still more difficult to recognize as anything but natural rock. To the right, and almost at the edge of the cliff, is the largest and least ruined of the remains, standing out on the rocky promontory by itself. It is flat-topped, only five or six courses of masonry in height, the core of natural rock appearing here and there behind the casing of squared limestone. All round it a series of heaps of red granite, like satellites round a planet, show where the members of the household were buried near the last resting-place of the Pharaoh whom they had served in life. Most, if not all, of them have been dug out, yet we do not hear that any discoveries have been made tending to identify the pyramid. Merely to judge by its time-worn appearance, it may be older than the oldest of which we know the age. The top is easily gained, and then we see that a great rock has been squared, faced with stone blocks externally, and hollowed out within. The entrance is to the north, and in a few moments we can descend from block to block, until we stand in the centre of the chamber. The passage to it is cut in the living rock, like the chamber itself. Both have been lined with stone of a finer quality, and the mortar adheres still to the rough-hewn walls. How they were roofed, seeing that the passage is some ten feet wide, and the chamber fifteen by forty, cannot now be known. Pharaoh's grave is rifled. Nothing but this great pit is left, with the long passage which leads into it, to show where he rested, and whether the whole structure was surmounted by a pyramid. Such a pyramid on such a height would indeed be a conspicuous feature in the landscape, and would be visible many miles away in the Delta. The wonder is how stones from the Mokattam mountains on the opposite side of the Nile, and great boulders of syenite from the cataract 600 miles away to the southward, could have been transported to the top of the cliff. A kind of causeway may be traced nearly a mile down the steep incline to the north, itself a cyclopean work. The choice of this great hill, the fact that the causeway leads away from Memphis, the rude character of the masonry, the distance between this and the continuous pyramid-field of Gheezeh, Sakkara, and Dashoor, seem to be reasons for assigning Aboo Rowash to a different period from other pyramids, perhaps an earlier, but more likely a later period. Another puzzling fact may be found in a curious mound of broken crockery which lies immediately to the east between the pyramid and the precipice. We often read on the monuments of the Old Monarchy that so many jars of wine, so many of incense, so many of honey, were offered at the tomb. Sometimes these offerings are called innumerable. If this mound is the site of the temple attached to the pyramid, it may be that all these broken vases and drinking cups were used in the worship of the deceased king. Among them we find some hammers of hard stone, either the relics of the actual pyramid-builders, the implements with which they chipped those mighty masses of granite, or else the rude tools with which some barbarian horde, perhaps from beyond the desert, broke up the masonry when they hurled the squared blocks of the casing over the cliff. "Perhaps and perhaps" are, after all, the words most frequently on the lips when we try to account for the phenomena presented by such a place, and the mind of the visitor, perplexed and baffled at every turn, finds a satisfaction in leaving the pyramid to look at the view.

It has the advantage over the view from the top of the Great Pyramid of including the whole of the principal pyramids, with the exception of Maydoom. In the foreground are the mighty cairns of Shoofoo and Chafra, hiding the smaller buildings of the Gheezeh group. Behind them we see, though further off, the stepped pyramid of Sakkara, surrounded by many a mouldering heap, the ruins of other pyramids and tombs and temples without number. Beyond these, again, are the giant forms of the two great pyramids of Dashoor, one of which, the most distant, has lately been identified as the probable monument of a king of the fifth dynasty. Dashoor is full twenty miles from Aboo Rowash; but the pyramids there, being only smaller than the two greatest pyramids of Gheezeh, are plainly visible from such a height as this. Then we turn eastward. Below us is the saint's tomb which gives the Arab name to the mountain, looking like a beehive among bushes, but really a good-sized dome surrounded by lofty trees. Next comes a long belt of dark palms, looking almost black by contrast with the intense green of the land beyond and between them and the distant river. The Nile looks cold and white from where we stand; but all the green fields are intersected by canals of the deepest blue, here and there the mounds and minarets of a village showing beside the pools and among the palms. In the far distance is the Mokattam range, bounding the valley on the east, and at its feet Cairo half hidden in its smoky haze, though we can make out the dome of Sultan Hassan, and the heavy mass of the citadel above. On the higher side of the river is the late Khedive's vast "folly"—the so-called park and palace of Gheezeh—a whitewashed, rambling barrack, standing in a marsh of newly-reclaimed land. Nearer still, besides the palaces of some junior members of the family, all vastly out of proportion

to the rank and importance of the owner, we are shown one house which looks modest enough. Here lives Ismail's widowed daughter; and it was here that, during the money troubles of last year, her Highness's affectionate father called one day and took away with him, in spite of her opposition, a coffer containing some twelve thousand sovereigns which her husband had laid by as an endowment for his orphan. So runs the story; and there is, unfortunately, little reason to doubt its substantial truth. It is one of an immense crop of similar legends which were supposed to be secrets before the present Viceroy's accession. We turn with pleasure towards the north, and away from the palaces. In this direction the view is most extensive, but most featureless. The Delta stretches away interminably, as if from our very feet; a wilderness of green fields, blue water, dark trees, and brown villages, without a hill to catch or rest the eye. We see the point where the Nile divides, and the canal that supplies Suez. In the middle distance are the towers of the Barrage, a vast unfinished dam intended for the regulation of the water supply, and still seen with horror by the fellah, who believes it to be an abortive contrivance for taxing his water and imposing forced labour. What a happy valley it might be but for its Government, we cannot help exclaiming, as a corollary to the proposition that so rich a view can hardly exist elsewhere on earth. Then, marking out our route towards Cairo as on a map, among the villages and fields below us, we descend and take our winding way home, better pleased with Abou Rowash than we expected. The road is intricate, and, though as the crow flies only about two-thirds as long as that round by the pyramids, occupies a longer time.

MR. GRISELL IN NEWGATE.

THE enterprising person who created such an excitement in the last, and what might have been expected to be the duller, days of the Session of 1879, is in Newgate, and there can be little doubt that he is in his proper place there. Sir Stafford Northcote is nothing if not a merciful man, and he proved on Tuesday night that the quality of mercy can sometimes be strained. Mr. Grissell, it must be remembered, is an offender of a very complex kind. His original offence was sufficiently black; and, if offences are to be judged by their tendency to do public harm, it merited in itself a very severe punishment. But this original offence was aggravated by conduct which an assembly, even if it had not the traditions of the House of Commons, could not possibly overlook. By absconding on a transparently false pretext, and perhaps still more by giving himself up to justice when it was a foregone conclusion that justice could do little or nothing to him, he did all that lay in his power to make a farce of the whole proceeding. Finally, though no proper indemnity covered his various misdemeanors, he allowed several weeks of the new Session to pass without even going through the formality of making a submission. For all these things it seemed good to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that Mr. Grissell should be brought to the bar and reprimanded. The proceeding might have been for the moment imposing, especially if the traditional practice of making the culprit go on his knees had been followed. But, though the reprimand might be unpleasant to a man of honour and spirit, it could hardly in these days be considered likely to deter the particular persons who are most likely to imitate Mr. Grissell's various delinquencies. Accordingly, protests arose from the most diverse quarters of the House against this limitation of the penalty, and Sir Stafford Northcote had to give way. Perhaps, in some respects, it was better that the penalty should be a genuine expression of the will of the House itself than that it should be prescribed by the Government; but this is the only excuse that can be made for a proposal which was certainly inadequate.

According to Mr. Walpole's account, the culprit appears almost to the last moment to have been still under the highly erroneous idea that the whole thing was more or less of a joke. It is probable that the short debate on Tuesday night and his own prompt arrest may have undeceived Mr. Grissell. His demeanour when on Wednesday afternoon he was brought to the bar—an actual material bar arranged for such purposes—was humble enough, and his apology likewise. It could indeed hardly be other than a lame apology. It was complimentary to the newspaper press, no doubt, that Mr. Grissell should attribute to a paragraph in the *Times* the quenching of his desire to make submission somewhat less tardily than he actually did. But as the *Times* is not, as far as we know, the accredited organ of the House of Commons, the excuse must be pronounced more ingenious than satisfactory. The sentence which followed this little scene illustrated the curious traditional differences which exist between the practices and powers of the two Houses, and nearly all of which have historical and constitutional explanations. Ignorant people had gone about saying that Mr. Grissell would be committed to durance of some kind or other for a week or fortnight, or longer. Had his offence been an offence against the Upper House this might have been the case. But here, as in other cases, we see the broad distinction between the two Houses, the one possessing and the other not possessing the character and powers of an ordinary court of justice. The House of Commons can avenge itself by committing an offender, but it cannot so far arrogate judicial powers as to sentence him to imprisonment for any specified time. He is committed, and that is all; but he is not released until Parliament rises in virtue of a prorogation or dissolution, unless

some special motion is made in his favour. Mr. Grissell might have been incarcerated like his unfortunate solicitor in the Clock Tower, but the House preferred to send him to Newgate. Though not the most dignified, nor in some respects the most comfortable, residence of the two, the establishment in the Old Bailey has its advantages from the point of view of the prisoner. There is no Big Ben in Newgate, and Mr. Grissell may therefore sleep undisturbed by the vibration which had such intense effect on his much less culpable partner in guilt. Probably his cell will be less spacious, its furniture less abundant, and its appliances generally less thoughtfully considered than would have been the case with the Westminster apartment. But it is whispered, though not many people have had an opportunity of knowing by experience, that the House, or rather its prison, is a decidedly expensive hotel for those who sojourn there against their will. Two centuries ago Milton and the Serjeant-at-arms had a little dispute about fees, which shows that the same complaint existed then; and indeed there is no particular reason why the tariff should be as "strictly moderate" as hotel-keepers by profession assure us is the case with theirs. The galley is a galley in which no well-meaning or well-doing person has any business whatever, and those who find their way there are, in our day at least, not at all likely to deserve much compassion from outsiders. The House of Commons, as this case abundantly shows, is rather too slow than too hasty in punishing aggressors, and when they are punished they are likely to get less, not more, than their deserts.

This being the case, it is allowable, without incurring the charge of vindictiveness, to hope that Mr. Grissell will not be allowed to quit his present sojourn too soon. The Easter holidays being only an adjournment, not a prorogation, would not necessarily come to his relief, though it is not improbable that the House, which is placable enough nowadays, may consider them a fitting occasion for pardon. Something less than a month's imprisonment can hardly be considered too heavy a punishment for gross and repeated offences against the public good and the dignity of the House of Commons. It cannot be doubted that in a few days we shall hear of Mr. Grissell's health being affected. It has been historically proved to be extremely delicate. And, indeed, it is somewhat remarkable with what unanimity the health of educated criminals, especially when they undergo milder forms of punishment than the common run of prisoners, is wont to give way. We do not know whether, among the varied directions in which Mr. Grissell has turned his powers, literary industry holds a place. Of late years it has served the turn of more than one such captive to relate, in his most affecting manner, the secrets of the prison-house. Mr. Grissell, indeed, is at a disadvantage—or, from another point of view, an advantage—compared to Silvio Pellico and other historians of the dungeon. His life as a first-class misdeedant—which position it may be supposed he will hold—may be somewhat monotonous, indeed nearly as much so as that of a hard-worked professional man whose office happens to be in his own house. He will not, for some time at any rate, be able to take those trips to Boulogne which are so necessary to his "sanitation," as the current scientific slang has it. But in other respects his sufferings are not likely to be acute. He may join one of those curious Mutual Improvement Societies where the members are bound to read books of a strictly edifying character for so many hours every day. It is even to be believed that no obstruction would be thrown in his way if he devoted himself to the most unedifying of literature, and sent messengers three times a day to Mr. Mudie's for novels, or backed himself to read all the minor poetry of the month. As he seems to be what our ancestors used to call a projector, and what we by a slight change of word and meaning call a promoter, he may profitably employ himself in devising new projects and new methods of promoting them, methods, let us hope, which this time will not lead him to Newgate. Seclusion of such a kind may not seem a very terrible punishment for what is in all seriousness a very serious offence. But, on the whole, the genuine testimony of those who have experienced it seems to be unanimous to the effect that imprisonment is not pleasant. It is extremely rare for an Englishman who has not committed a crime, and who is of full age, to be prevented—actually prevented by *force majeure*—from doing what he chooses. He may virtually be enslaved pretty closely by professional duties, but these he can break through if he chooses to take the consequences. This is not the case with Mr. Grissell. He cannot "put his hat upon his head and walk into the Strand," or rather into Newgate Street, and there is every reason to believe that the knowledge of this must be annoying. There is, indeed, poetical authority to the effect that bolts and bars, and windows, and such-like apparatus do not make a prison. But we are inclined to think that they do, with all respect to Lovelace. Since most of us were boys we have not experienced the "absolute shall" which, especially when assisted by bolts and bars and warders, amounts to a total loss of personal liberty. Therefore, if anybody thinks that Mr. Grissell's punishment is altogether futile, he is probably wrong. But at the same time it should not be too short. It is in many cases a capital thing to look at passing events in the light of a joke; but the line must be drawn somewhere. Mr. Grissell's idea of jocularly is peculiar; and he seems to cling to it with singular pertinacity. His original attempt, whether seriously meant, or only intended to impose on third parties, seemed to him (when it had failed) to be a joke of which it was absurd for the House of Commons to take notice. The mandate of the House for his arrest was a joke; hobnobbing with the messenger at Boulogne was an excellent joke; surrender-

ing at the sag end of the Session was the best joke of all. It was perhaps natural that, imagining the House to have taken the same view, he should have thought it unnecessary to revive the old jest in the present Session. Newgate is an excellent place for reflection. Prisoners are proverbially said to cool their heels in such places; but it is probable that the cooling effect on the head is, in most cases at least, equally remarkable. In a few weeks' detention Mr. Grissell will be able to reconsider his theory of jokes, and to adjust it with greater delicacy to the actual condition of things in this world. There have been times when he would by no means have got off so easily. Nobody wishes to recur to the practices of those times; to which, however, Mr. Grissell's original offence was decidedly better suited than to the manners and customs of the present day. But it is just as well that a warning should be given to would-be imitators, and if the matter had remained where it was some days ago, it cannot be said that the warning would have been a very serious one. As it is, all that we and the public generally have now to do with Mr. Grissell is to wish him a happy, but not too speedy, release, and a conversion during his sojourn from the errors of his preceding ways. Charity and justice may thus be mingled in a sufficiently exact proportion.

INCREASE OF EMIGRATION.

THE Report on Emigration and Immigration which has just been issued by the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade shows that there was a considerable increase last year in the number of persons who left this country for places outside of Europe. During the long depression of trade there had been a great falling-off in emigration and a great increase in immigration; so that in 1876 the difference between the two—that is, the net loss of population—amounted to no more than 38,065; in 1877 the loss was still further reduced to 31,305. It will be understood, of course, that we are speaking only of persons of British or Irish birth. It will be seen that two years ago immigration, practically speaking, balanced emigration, a loss of 31,000 in a year out of a population of 34 millions being undeserving of notice. But in 1878 a change set in. In that year the number of emigrants of British and Irish birth was 112,902, while the number of immigrants was only 54,944; the excess of emigrants over immigrants was thus 57,958. Last year there was a still further increase in the number of emigrants, which was 164,274; and there was a still further decrease in the number of immigrants, which was only 37,936. Therefore, the net loss of population last year rose to 126,338, being more than twice the net loss in 1878, and more than four times the net loss in 1877. It may be assumed, that, as a general rule, emigrants go out as steerage passengers. Of course a certain proportion, belonging to the better classes, pay for a cabin passage, but the vast majority of those who leave this country for other lands in search of fortune have not the means of doing so. It is important to note, therefore, as additional evidence of the renewed growth of emigration, that it is among steerage passengers that the increase has taken place. For instance, the number of cabin passengers has risen only from 37,147 in 1877 to 43,928 last year, while the number of steerage passengers has risen in the same interval from 82,824 to 173,235, that is, has more than doubled. Again, as bearing on the same point, we may observe that "the general labourers" who went away in 1877 were only 9,816, but last year were as many as 28,504; that is, were nearly trebled. The "miners and quarrymen" in 1877 were only 1,428, and last year were 3,933, and the "farmers" had risen from 2,477 in 1877, to 5,382 last year; in these last figures we have a reminder of the severity of the agricultural distress.

At first sight it may seem strange that emigration, which was so large during the inflation years that followed the Franco-German war, should have continued to fall off throughout the period of depression that succeeded, and should begin to increase again just as the depression was drawing to an end. But a little consideration will show us, we think, that in reality the fluctuations were perfectly natural, and might have been foreseen by any one who had given thought to the subject. As we have often pointed out in these columns, the peculiarity of the depression through which we have so long been passing is that it took its rise in the raw-material-producing countries. It began with a panic in Vienna in May 1873, and was intensified by the panic in New York in the September following. In the United States the ruin was general and severe. Banks, mills, and forges were closed all over the Union, the making of railways was stopped, and for a while almost all industry was prostrated. Crowds of workpeople were thrown out of employment, and all the great cities were visited by a real distress. Here, in England, we had only a pale reflex of what was suffered on the other side of the Atlantic. We had no panic, and until the autumn of 1878 we can scarcely be said to have had many serious failures. The iron, the coal, and the cotton industries, no doubt, were in a state of collapse; but the general prosperity of the country was not severely diminished until a succession of bad harvests came to aggravate the falling-off in the purchasing power of our foreign customers. Even at the worst, however, we experienced nothing like the distress felt in the United States for a couple of years after the New York panic. It was, therefore, the most natural thing in the world that emigration from this country

to the United States should go on decreasing year by year, and that immigration from the United States to the United Kingdom should go on increasing. And it is equally natural that when a succession of abundant harvests restored prosperity to the United States, emigration thither should recommence. And this is precisely what has happened. Of the whole addition of 69,900 to the net emigration of last year, 51,000 is to the United States, 10,000 to British North America, and only 8,000 to all other places.

It is suggested by Mr. Giffen, the author of the Report on which we are commenting, that a decrease of emigration is not a peculiarity of the late depression, but, on the contrary, occurs in all periods of bad trade. The statistics seem to bear out the suggestion, although, unfortunately, the record of immigration is of too recent a date to throw any light upon the subject, Mr. Giffen himself having been the first to recognize its value. But it is difficult to conceive why emigration should, as a rule, so fall off. In the late depression, as we have just seen, there were special reasons accounting for the decrease. But periods of bad trade are not always more severely felt in the raw-material-producing than in the manufacturing countries, and when they are not so, or rather when the reverse is the case, it is natural to expect that emigration should be stimulated. It is true, of course, that wages fall in times of depression, and employment becomes scarce, and that, in consequence, the working classes have not as much money as in more prosperous years. What, therefore, Mr. Giffen calls "tentative" emigration would naturally be checked, while many of those who desire to leave the country would want the means of doing so. This would account for a certain falling off, and it would also account for a considerable increase as soon as trade began to revive. People who had been pinched by being thrown out of work would avail themselves of their first earnings to go to some country with more openings for mere labour. But the point cannot be adequately discussed without taking into consideration the circumstances of the countries to which emigrants go, as well as those of the country which they leave; and among these circumstances we would include the political as well as the economical. For example, there was a great falling off in the emigration to the United States both in 1861 and 1862; but the three previous years had also seen a much diminished emigration, though not nearly to so great an extent as in 1861 and 1862; and there was a sudden increase in 1863. Was, then, the continued decline in 1861 and 1862 merely the effect of the depression beginning in 1857? Or was it caused by the outbreak of the Civil War? The sudden increase in 1863 would seem to prevent our ascribing much influence to the Civil War, and yet it is difficult to believe that the working classes in Europe were not affected by fear of the conscription. Again, we notice a considerable falling off in emigration in 1855. How far was that influenced by the Crimean war? But without dwelling further upon this part of the subject, we may note that the statistics do undoubtedly show a decrease of emigration in former periods of depression as well as in that through which we have just passed. It will be interesting, then, to observe whether, supposing the revival of trade to prove permanent, the increase of emigration will also continue. The people of this country are sufficiently educated to appreciate the importance of not overcrowding the labour market, and they have a natural taste for adventure. The close balance between emigration and immigration which we have seen in 1877 proves with what facility they move from country to country, and what a small margin of advantage induces them to cross the Atlantic. It would seem not improbable, therefore, should trade improve so as to bring back again the high wages of 1873, that large numbers may go abroad for the purpose of determining for themselves whether England or America offers the better home to a working man, intending to come back again should the experiment be in favour of this country. If this happens, we shall have a substantial reason for that falling off of emigration in periods of depression which we noticed above. On the other hand, it is certain that the remuneration of labour in England and the United States has for some time been so closely approximating that the inducement to a skilled workman to break up his home and go abroad is now much less than it formerly was. It is not impossible, therefore, that the increase of emigration, though continuing, may be at a slower rate than in past periods of prosperity.

There is one other point deserving of notice; it is that, in spite of the distress in Ireland, the increase of emigration from that island is not more rapid than from Great Britain. Just as happened in the case of the whole United Kingdom, the emigration from Ireland fell off through the late depression. In 1873 the Irish emigrants numbered 83,692; they decreased through the following years, until in 1877 they did not exceed 22,831; they then began to increase, and last year amounted to 41,296—barely half the numbers of 1873, and just the numbers of 1875. Moreover, while in the three years 1853-55 the Irish emigrants constituted 61 per cent. of the total that left the United Kingdom for places outside Europe, and even so late as 1871-75 formed 34 per cent. of the total, last year they were no more than 25 per cent. How far this decrease in Irish emigration is attributable to the poverty of the Irish people, and how far to the impression made upon them by the consequences of the New York panic, there are, of course, no means of determining. But it is to be borne in mind that the poverty now existing is not comparable to that of the famine years, when the exodus assumed such enormous proportions. Moreover, it is an honourable characteristic of the poorer classes in Ireland that the members of a family

who are doing well abroad send home to the friends they have left behind them the means of following in their steps. It is hardly probable, therefore, that inability to find the passage money stops any large number. On the other hand, the communications between the Irish in the United States and the Irish at home are close and constant; and it is not improbable that the stories of the distress that prevailed in the winter of 1873-74 may have made a great impression on them. But the full effects of the late severe winter upon the course of emigration will not be known for another twelve months. In comparison with the amount of the population, however, the emigration from Ireland even now is greater than that from the rest of the United Kingdom. While the population of England and Wales is about four times that of Ireland, the number of English and Welsh emigrants last year was not $\frac{1}{2}$ times the Irish—104,275 against 41,296. Thus it is only relatively to its former immense proportions that the Irish emigration now seems small. In reality it is very large when we take into consideration the amount of the population. The emigration from Ireland as well as that from Great Britain is mainly to the United States. The emigration to other places is comparatively insignificant, and does not fluctuate at all to the same extent with the condition of trade. It would seem, therefore, to be self-supporting, since it varies with the means of the emigrating classes, and also with the degree of attraction which the new countries have for them.

THE THEATRES.

THE production at the Imperial (Afternoon) Theatre of *As You Like It* is among the most satisfactory of recent theatrical events. The play has been put on the stage with excellent taste and discretion, and the company engaged in its representation is, on the whole, remarkably good. The scenery, by Mr. Perkins, has much beauty, especially the Forest of Arden scene; and it does not appear to us that either the stage arrangements or the dresses, admirably designed by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, are over-elaborate. It has been suggested that the banished Duke and his court would hardly present so spruce an appearance as that in which we see them; but it seems to us that to indicate the wear-and-tear to which a forest life would expose them would be to push realism too far. One might as well insist on Macbeth making his first appearance in a war-worn and travel-stained condition. Granted that costume and stage arrangements are important illustrations to the play, then surely it is desirable to produce with them as generally correct and as pleasant an impression as possible, without making them so obtrusively gorgeous as to distract the attention or descending to sordid particularities which have no real value. This, as it seems to us, Miss Litton has succeeded in doing. To come, however, to what is more important than these matters, the acting of the piece.

The performances of Miss Litton as Rosalind and of Mr. Kyrie Bellew as Orlando cannot but add to their reputations. We do not know if Miss Litton has ever before appeared in a Shakespearian part on the London stage. As Rosalind she displays a keen perception, great technical skill, and a power, which is not too common, of speaking blank verse as it should be spoken. It might perhaps be said that generally Miss Litton is not at her best in the more tender passages of the part; but it must be added that her rendering of the scene where Rosalind, half swooning at the tale of Orlando's wound, begs Oliver to commend her "counterfeiting" to his brother, is excellent. Among many things which are very good in conception and execution, special commendation may be given to Miss Litton's scene with Silvius and Phoebe, and to the delivery of the epilogue. Miss Litton wears a boy's disguise (and her disguise as Ganymede is original and admirably designed) with a better grace than any actress we have ever seen except Mme. Trebelli; and the scenes between Ganymede and Orlando are, it appears to us, given in exactly the right tone and spirit by both the players concerned in them. Anything like real tenderness on Orlando's part to Ganymede would surely be far out of place. One touch, at the end of the principal scene between them, where Orlando is really moved for a moment by the disguised Rosalind's tears, and on her changing them to mockery goes off half laughing, half vexed at himself, is particularly well given. Mr. Bellew is throughout picturesque and manly; he can be tender and impassioned when those qualities are needed, and he speaks his lines excellently. He has to a great extent got rid of a certain restlessness which has before been observed in his acting; but his exits reminded us more than once of M. Mounet-Sully's trick of leaving the stage as if he had suddenly recollected that it was eleven o'clock and that he was late for a most important appointment. Both Mr. Bellew and Mr. Allbrook, who plays Charles, go through the wrestling scene with capital effect. Mr. Hermann Vezin's Jacques is already known to many playgoers. He delivers all his words, and notably the famous speech, with consummate skill, and one need only question whether Jacques was in truth so seriously melancholy a personage as Mr. Vezin makes him seem. Mr. Brough's performance of Touchstone has much humour without descending to caricature. Mr. Farren's Adam is a well-considered and skilful, if dry, piece of acting. The other characters are, on the whole, well filled, and special praise may be given to Miss S. Hodson and Mr. Bannister for their playing of Audrey and William. The glees and madrigals are well sung, and Mr.

Coventry gives Amiens's songs with a pleasant voice, and occasionally with a good method.

Mr. Edgar Bruce has opened his management of the Prince of Wales's Theatre with the production of Messrs. Grove and Merivale's play *Forget-Me-Not*, which, it may be remembered, was brought out in the off-season last year at the Lyceum, and which has since then been played with success in America. On its first production we gave a full description of the piece, which turns upon a certain article, or rather upon two articles, of the Code Napoléon, which give an adventuress a hold over an innocent girl, on whom they enable her to impose her presence for a definite time. The girl's sister has married the adventuress's son, and, as he has not complied with the provisions of the Code, it rests with Stéphanie de Mohrivot, the adventuress, to make the marriage legal or null and void. This the girl, Alice Verney, is bent on keeping from her sister's knowledge, and it is only if by their help she can regain a place in the society from which she has been outlawed that Stéphanie will refrain from annulling the marriage. The main action resolves itself into a struggle, of which the interest hardly flags for a moment, between Stéphanie and Sir Horace Welby, a rich Englishman, who is in love with Alice, and bent on saving her from the clutches of *Forget-Me-Not*, as Stéphanie is called. It has been thought by some that the motive of the play is hardly strong enough; but, in fact, there are few stronger passions than that inspired by the desire of a woman, well born and accomplished, to get back within the pale of a society from which her misdeeds have banished her. Nor could anything well be stronger than the resolve of such a man as Sir Horace Welby to save the girl he loves from the influence of such a woman as Stéphanie. The fault, or one of the faults, of the piece is that the struggle is, in one scene at least, too protracted. This is the scene between Stéphanie and Sir Horace in the second act, which is abnormally long, and should either be cut, broken up, or played quicker. Another fault is the introduction, by way of a comic character, of an Italian prince, who is the only person in a society of mixed nationalities who speaks broken English, and yet another is the finale to the play, which seems contrived merely to give Miss Geneviève Ward (Stéphanie) an opportunity for an effective exit. Matters should be so arranged that it should appear impossible to get her safe out of the house without the strange device of telling the man whose vengeance she dreads to turn his back. As things are now managed the situation seems strained. With these reservations we see no reason, on a second hearing, to change the high opinion which we formerly expressed of Messrs. Merivale and Grove's striking and original play, and of Miss Ward's fine and strong performance of the chief character. In some ways, indeed, Miss Ward's performance has gained by experience; but she makes a curious blunder in the scene already referred to. When she has made her appeal for pity to Sir Horace, and had it rejected, she turns on him with certain words which make him exclaim, "She-devil, you drop your mask at last!"—to which she replies with the bitterest scorn of him. For some inexplicable reason, Miss Ward, instead of making at this point the sudden change which seems indicated by Sir Horace's words, keeps up the half-hysterical tone of the preceding speeches, and thus makes her adversary's speeches sound absurd. At one point—the sudden breakdown of her courage when Sir Horace produces his last weapon against her—the actress is even finer than before. Even so practised and skilful an actor as Mr. Clayton is at some disadvantage in assuming a part which was so admirably played before as Sir Horace Welby was by Mr. Forbes-Robertson. Mr. Clayton did not at first seem quite to have made up his mind what to do with the part; but no doubt by this time he has mastered it. Mr. Flockton gives a singular intensity to the part of Barrato.

Since the preceding remarks were written the *Times* has come out with a second criticism of *Forget-Me-Not*. In the course of it the critic gives a curious proof of his wisdom and experience. "The grounds on which the battle (between Sir Horace and Stéphanie) is fought," he says, do not seem on either side of sufficient weight to "an English judgment"—that is, to the judgment of the *Times*' critic. Because, to his judgment, the motive (the strength of which we have already pointed out) is weak, therefore a doubt, for which he candidly admits "there may be no foundation," occurs to the critic's mind whether, as he ingeniously puts it, "despite the obvious originality of much of the execution, there has not been some French influence at work, perhaps insensibly, on the design. . . . There is nothing in the play that would strike a French audience as unpractical or unreasonable." There is, as a matter of fact, no such subtle and mysterious difference as is here suggested between a French and an English audience, and the doubt as to the "French influence" has been answered in a letter to the *Times* by Mr. Grove, who, thinking that "silence might be misconstrued," has recorded that "the play owes nothing to any French or other source, and that, such as it is, it was entirely devised and written by Mr. Herman Merivale and myself."

At the Olympic Mr. J. S. Clarke is appearing in *Red Tape* and *The Heir-at-Law*, and delighting great part of his audiences by employing the same grimaces and intonations in different characters and in different situations. Certainly Mr. Clarke does sometimes make one laugh against one's judgment. The revival of *The Heir-at-Law* has another interest for those who have watched the career of one of the most promising of our young actors. In the difficult and not very grateful part of Dick Dowdles, Mr. Carton, especially in the unnatural and unpleasant

scene with Zekiel Homespun, which he makes as little unpleasant as may be, gives evidence of possessing a strength which his previous performances have hardly shown.

A contrast to Mr. Clarke's somewhat monotonous fooling is found in Mr. Toole's welcome reappearance at the Folly, where, pending the production of a new piece, he has been acting three of his favourite parts—Simmons in the *Spitalfields Weaver*, Buzfuz in *Bardell v. Pickwick*, and Puddicombe in *Our Clerks*.

We may take this opportunity of calling attention to the exhibition at 168 New Bond Street of a "Dramatic Fine Art Gallery," which is interesting, both as showing the skill in drawing and painting possessed by certain living players, and as containing various dramatic portraits of historical value.

REVIEWS.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.*

THE lady who describes herself by the letters O. K. makes no secret of her real name, as she states that she is a sister of General Kiréff; but it is perhaps courteous to accept the designation which appears on the title-page. In a short introduction Mr. Froude recommends "this excellent book" to the attention of his countrymen. He is fully justified in remarking that no foreigner who has written in the English language has shown more effective command of it. "O. K. plays with our most complicated idioms, and turns and twists and points her sarcasms with a skill which many an accomplished English authoress might despair of imitating." Exception may be taken to the further statement that, "far from bearing us ill will, she desires nothing so much as a hearty alliance between her country and ours." Whether national friendship is likely to be promoted by skilful turning, twisting, and pointing of envenomed sarcasms is a question with which Mr. Froude has apparently not concerned himself. Three years ago he introduced to English readers a short book or pamphlet by the same writer, which is incorporated in the present work. It was observed at the time that there was perhaps some indiscretion in publishing an angry and irritating invective against England by a Russian writer, at a time when slight causes might possibly have produced a rupture between the two countries. Now that the strain is temporarily relaxed, there is less objection to the process of twisting and turning and pointing unfriendly sarcasms. Mr. Froude is not pledged to all the charges against his own country which form a great part of O. K.'s excellent book; but, if he was consulted, he might have advantageously advised his friend not to republish from her former pamphlet sneers such as that England "secretly strangles murderers in the recesses of her gaols." Educated Englishmen know that the privacy of executions was introduced some years ago in the interest of public morality; and that abundant precautions are taken against any abuses which might result from undue secrecy. A lady who only wished to point a sarcasm may readily be excused for an unjust insinuation. In a dispassionate argument, and still more in a persuasive remonstrance, it would have been desirable to avoid the use of the invidious phrases of "Russophobe" and "Turcophil." The assumption that opponents of Russian aggrandizement are affected by habitual terror of one nation or by prejudiced devotion to another is neither conciliatory nor well founded. It would be equally inexpedient to attribute the converse feeling to the Russians; but O. K. has reproduced from her pamphlet a singular disquisition on the reason "why the Russians hate the Turks." The answer is even more surprising than the question. It seems that the Russians hate the Turks because in the thirteenth century they were conquered by the Tartars. The foreign dominion lasted only two hundred years, but "so late as 1571 Moscow was burnt to the ground by a wandering horde of Asiatics." "The Tartars taught the Russian people what the rule of the Asiatic is—a dreadful lesson, creating that inextinguishable hatred of the Turk which will ultimately secure his ejection from Europe. The death-warrant of the Ottoman was signed by Timour the Tartar." One of the most famous exploits of Timour was the victory of Angora over the Ottoman Sultan Bajazet, who, according to a disputed tradition, was afterwards carried about by the conqueror in an iron cage. The subsequent decline of the Mongol power left room for the revival and aggrandizement of the Ottoman Empire. Bajazet can scarcely have anticipated that the remote descendants of himself and his countrymen should be held responsible for the exploits of his victorious enemy. It would be interesting to learn whether Mr. Froude thinks either that avowed hatred of a foreign nation justifies aggressive war, or that the Turks of the present day can be justly punished for the alleged misdeeds of an alien potentate six hundred years ago. The historical excuse for animosity is as inconsistent with fact as it is absurd in theory. Long after the days of Timour the Russians and Turks were united by a common jealousy of the Tartar Khans of the Crimea. The English, who were never conquered by the Tartars, can scarcely be expected to share that inextinguishable hatred which is to secure the ejection of the Turks from Europe.

When more territory is wanted the same excuse would serve for their expulsion from Asiatic Turkey. In other parts of the book O. K. dilates on the pacific inclinations of the Emperor Alexander, and on his anxiety to avoid the war into which he was, according to her version of events, ultimately forced. Perhaps the Emperor is exempt from that inextinguishable hatred which his subjects feel for their unfortunate neighbours. It is permissible to entertain some suspicion of a policy which is avowedly founded on hereditary hatred. The small English party, including Mr. Froude, which urgently recommended co-operation with Russia, would have obtained still fewer proselytes if it had consciously abetted the inextinguishable hatred of one country for another. The Bulgarian outrages furnished to the orators of St. James's Hall, though not to O. K., a more plausible pretext for intervention than the conquests of Timour.

Against some drawbacks attending feminine participation in political controversy may be set off the advantage of a candid expression of genuine antipathies. O. K. is a much abler disputant than the generality of men; but the sarcastic outbursts which express her real feelings are sometimes more instructive than her deliberate statements. As it would not be advisable to proclaim inextinguishable hatred to all neighbouring Powers, O. K. denies in formal terms that Russians regard Austro-Hungary with animosity; but the temptation to offer an affront in the repudiation of dislike is irresistible. "There can be no national hatred between Russians and Austrians, because there are no Austrians." "With the Slavs of Austria and Hungary—that is, with the majority of the subjects of the Hapsburgs—the Slavs of Russia can only have the liveliest feelings of sympathy and fraternity." In the same manner the American Fenians had the liveliest feelings of sympathy and fraternity for Irish enemies of the English connexion. The Germans of Austria and Styria, the Magyars, the Poles of Galicia, and even the loyal Croats and Czechs, are virtually informed by O. K. that Russian intrigues will be directed in the future as in the past to the disruption of a great and ancient monarchy, and to the humiliation of the most civilized portion of its subjects. In other passages it is said that Austria is detested with a hatred which is probably inextinguishable. In that country, as in Turkey, professed sympathies of race are supposed to justify foreign conspiracy against established order. In another part of the book O. K. disclaims on the part of Russia any menace to Austria. She is probably familiar with the work in which General Fadaieff, a well-known member of her party, contends that Austria must be destroyed as the first step to the conquest of Turkey. On this point, as in other parts of her argument, O. K. quotes, as might be expected, congenial sentiments expressed by English Liberal orators and writers. "Mr. Gladstone in March 1878 referred to the long catalogue of Austria's misdeeds, 'scarcely relieved by a solitary act done on behalf of justice and freedom.'" A former Prime Minister of England who may be Prime Minister again committed a gross indiscretion in publicly insulting a great European Power, which is also one of the most ancient allies of England. The heroic struggles of Austria against Napoleon were undertaken in defence of justice and freedom. The greatest injustice perpetrated in modern times by the Austrian Government was the suppression by armed force of the Hungarian Constitution. The triumph of despotism over freedom was accomplished by the aid of "the Emperor Nicholas, *preux chevalier* in all his feelings, a sincere ally of his allies." It is true that Nicholas was consistent in his hatred of liberty. According to O. K., "he was devoted to his country; he was proud of her, he upheld her dignity with all his power, and he followed without hesitation wherever his duty led." The Emperor Nicholas has never been charged with want of patriotism, which, in a despot of his type, is almost indistinguishable from egotism. He followed when his supposed duty to himself led in more than one questionable direction. It was his duty, according to his interpretation, to practise frightful oppression in Poland, to interfere on behalf of revolutionary wrong in Hungary, to crush freedom, education, and internal improvement at home, and, finally, to entail great misfortunes on his country by a wanton and unprovoked attack upon Turkey. As the Slavonic sentiment had not then been invented, he picked a quarrel with the Porte in the form of a ridiculous squabble about the keys of the Church of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem. O. K.'s admiration of his character is perfectly natural; but the expression of her feeling might have been judiciously omitted in an appeal to the judgment and sympathies of Englishmen.

The substance of the book consists in an eloquent vindication of the Pan-Slavonic movement which has its centre at Moscow. The author is a close friend of Mr. Aksakoff and of his chief political allies; and the sister of Kiréff, the first Russian volunteer who fell in the Servian war, may well be excused for enthusiasm in a cause which is nevertheless without foundation in justice, while it is dangerous to the peace of Europe. As late as the time of the Crimean war the ethnological doctrine which the Slavonic agitators proclaim was unknown, except perhaps to a few students. When it was necessary to find a pretext for interfering in the Turkish provinces, Eastern orthodoxy was represented as the bond of union not only with Bulgarians, but with Greeks. The philological connexion of the various dialects of the Slavonic tongue was artificially converted into a political relation, though the Polish Slavs were systematically persecuted and oppressed, and though the Germans of the Baltic provinces would have been held guilty of treason if they had sought the protection of Prussia. The ethnological theory was the more convenient

* *Russia and England, from 1876 to 1880: a Protest and an Appeal.* By O. K., Author of "Is Russia Wrong?" London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

because it applied to the Roman Catholics of Bohemia, as well as to the races which adhered to the Eastern Church. A wholly factitious enthusiasm gradually became more or less sincere; but from its first beginning to the present day the Russian Slavonic movement has included a large element of lawless ambition. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of O. K.'s account of the methods by which the party of aggression forced the Emperor into war. If it is right and expedient that a great Power should interfere on behalf of any foreign population which speaks a dialect of its own language, and if such a policy is indisputably conducive to the interests of Russia, O. K. has produced an effectual apology for the late war, and for similar enterprises to be proximately undertaken. Her assumption, sometimes tacit and more often explicit, that the enterprise was righteous, proves with equal force that, in partially opposing it, the English Government and nation were wholly in the wrong. The writer does not conceal from herself the all but complete unanimity of English opinion on the aggressive policy of Russia; and she not unnaturally regrets the apparent conversion of Mr. Gladstone himself to the national belief. It has for some time past been one of his favourite charges against the Government that its measures have resulted in the triumph and aggrandizement of the adversary with whom Mr. Gladstone had been erroneously thought to sympathize. One of his pamphlets, under the title of "The Friends and Foes of Russia," contained an argument to prove that the Liberals had a better claim than the Government to the credit of having counteracted Russian designs. It is not surprising that O. K., who quotes many denunciations of anti-Russian policy from Mr. Gladstone's letters and speeches, should complain that he also ranges himself among the alarmists and the sceptics. A foreigner may be excused for failing to appreciate the temptations of party controversy. The supposed prejudices of constituencies must account for Mr. Gladstone's protest against the transfer of Bessarabia from a nominally constitutional State to an absolute monarchy. A Russian advocate of the Slavonic doctrine is perfectly consistent in regarding annexation to the Russian Empire as an advantage and a duty. O. K. makes no mention of Prince Tcherkassky, though, as the confidential associate of Aksakoff, he was probably one of her political friends. The anarchical tyranny of his administration of Poland formed his title to the office of organizing Bulgaria. In the interval between his two missions he took occasion publicly to denounce the claim of the Poles to independent existence. The Slavonic party has systematically assailed the national organization of Livonia and Esthonia, and it regards with unconcealed jealousy the constitutional rights of Finland. With its efforts to break up the Austrian monarchy O. K. openly sympathizes. Between English traditions and Slavonic aspirations there would be nothing in common, even if it could be seriously believed that a fantastic theory, invented in the present generation, was unconnected with the policy which had on other pretexts been followed by Russia for more than a century. Many Russians and friends of Russia regard the agitation which is promoted by the Slavonic party as one of the chief causes of disaffection and general disorganization. Vague excitement never confines itself to a single channel; and, when external aggression is for the time checked, some of its advocates substitute revolution for conquest. The party of which O. K. is a powerful supporter is indeed loyal to the Emperor; but it has made him responsible in the popular judgment for the partial failure of its schemes. The author of *Russia Before and After the War*, a Russian subject and a German of the Baltic Provinces, holds that there is a close connexion between the Nihilists and the Slavonic agitation:—"What Aksakoff and his friends called the broadening of Russia into Slavonic nationality and the acquisition of new forms of life meant, in the eyes of the Nihilists, merely the collapse of all existing systems, the beginning of the end so long striven for by the revolutionary parties in Russia and Europe." The same writer maintains that the danger is only to be counteracted by the assertion of the right of England to be consulted in the affairs of Europe.

On the subject of Afghanistan and Central Asia O. K. agrees on all points with the Duke of Argyll, who has, indeed, stated the case for Russia against England with a fulness which leaves his clients little to desire. She also quotes the admissions of Lord Beaconsfield and of other statesmen of the same opinions that there is room in Asia for Russia and for England. Her desire to promote friendly and sympathetic relations between the two Powers must be accepted as sincere; but unfortunately O. K. is not the only interpreter of Russian designs. Although she appears to believe that the invasion of India has neither been contemplated nor desired, Russian journals are incessantly occupied with projects of a conquest which they affect to regard as an enterprise of liberation. The plans of campaign which are believed to have been prepared at the time of the Russian mission to Cabul may not justify remonstrance, as there was then a probability of war; but, if they were deemed to be practicable, the risk of invasion cannot be disregarded as chimerical. No reasonable Englishman wishes for hostile relations with Russia. If designs on India were frankly and fairly abandoned, the establishment of Russian power in Central Asia would be regarded with genuine good will. No one seriously believes that there is any converse danger of English interference with the Russian dominions. The overtures of friendship with which O. K. concludes her able and remarkable work may be cordially, but conditionally, accepted.

BUNBURY'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.*

(First Notice.)

MR. BUNBURY is fully justified in saying that the want of such a work as that which he has written has been felt by classical scholars; and we may say without reservation that his purpose in writing it has been worthily achieved. He has undertaken a toilsome task which necessarily carries him many times over the same ground, and he is fully aware that the method which he has adopted lays him open in greater or less degree to a charge of repetition. But he has worked not so much for the few who may read his book systematically from beginning to end as for the larger number who may resort to it for exact information on the state of ancient geographical knowledge in reference to particular countries, or in relation to special historical events and incidents. That the book appears now rather than at an earlier time is in every way a gain. During the lifetime of the present generation the amount of geographical knowledge has been vastly increased. Many problems which had defied the efforts of explorers have received a final solution, and perhaps there is not a single disputed point on which some light, to say the least, has not been thrown by recent investigations. The works of Mannert, Ukert, and Forbiger belong to the earlier half of the present century; and that of Forbiger, the most recent of the three, is loaded with huge lists of names which are far from adding to its attractions. Nor can it be said that the excellent *Dictionary of Geography* edited by Dr. Smith at all answers the purpose which Mr. Bunbury has set before himself in the preparation of these three volumes. It is one thing to bring together all the information to be gleaned from ancient writers about particular places and countries, and to present this information in the exact form which the methods of modern geographical science have rendered practicable; and quite another to trace the conceptions of these countries or places as they were presented to the minds of the ancient geographers. The truth is that in such a work as the *Dictionary of Geography* these conceptions are made to pass through an alembic which in all cases modifies, and in many changes altogether, their real character. The reader may study each article carefully; but he does so with a map before him which exhibits the region in question in the light shed upon it by geographical researches extended down to his own time. He cannot rid himself completely of the impressions thus made on his mind; and often, perhaps, he makes no effort to do so. If the statement of the ancient writer tallies with the results of recent observation and inquiry, it is assumed that the idea in the mind of that writer was the same as that which would present itself to the mind of the modern geographer. The result is a subtle and perhaps unconscious worship of the map as an eternal institution, a worship not greatly disturbed by the remembrance of the changes which the map is undergoing at all times. With us these changes relate commonly to points of detail; and any new information with regard to spots insufficiently known, or even not known at all, immediately finds its proper place, and in no way dislocates the arrangements of the map generally.

To suppose that this was the case with the Greek and Roman geographers is to stray as wide of the facts as it is possible to do. It is well to know the exact position of Arbela or Gymnias, Palibothra or Barygaza, and the exact configuration of the regions to which they belong; but we shall not approach to a knowledge of the idea of those places or countries as they were present to the mind of Xenophon, or Arrian, or Strabo, unless we keep constantly before us the conditions under which their ideas and their knowledge were obtained. We have in truth to realize the very natural and necessary fact that these conditions must in the earliest ages have been simply those of blank ignorance. At first no one knew anything except about his own place of abode or about such neighbouring parts as he had himself visited. In course of time he would learn something more from strangers whom purposes of barter or war might bring into contact with him; and, so far as the methods available during ages long subsequent to the rise of contemporary history are concerned, there is practically nothing more to be said. The geographical knowledge of the pre-Christian centuries was either derived from the reports of merchants or was the result of military expeditions. Explorations for the special purpose of gaining new information, or rectifying prevalent errors or misconception, were unknown; and even when, from the days of Eratosthenes onwards, the geography of the ancient world assumed a scientific form, the distinction between the more recent and the earlier geographers was much more apparent than real. Ideas of a scientific geography the successors of Eratosthenes certainly had; but their efforts to realize them often ended in worse confusion. They knew what ought to be done, and they knew what they needed in order to accomplish the work—a store, namely, of mathematically exact observations. But this mathematical accuracy was just what was beyond their reach. There were very few places about the position of which they could obtain exact reports; and an error as to the relative position of two or three cities, or the direction of a line of coast, had its result often in the distortion of the shape of a whole continent.

The conclusion is, that the works of ancient geographers, and the geographical statements of historians, are to be taken with extreme wariness and caution. Nor is it too much to say that they are

* *A History of Ancient Geography among the Greeks and Romans, from the earliest Ages till the Fall of the Roman Empire.* By E. H. Bunbury. F.R.G.S. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1879.

never to be regarded with absolute confidence, and that besides the modern map, we ought to have the map of the country as it was present to the mind of the historian or geographer whose works we are studying. We are all familiar with the "Orbis veteribus notus" which accompanies most school atlases; and the map of the world according to Herodotus is also pretty generally known by sight. But it is commonly regarded as little better than a curiosity, to be looked at and put aside. A comparison of his map with those of later writers is seldom or never thought of, and yet these not only show what each writer knew, or supposed that he knew, of the countries with which he was dealing, but exhibit the growth of geographical knowledge as the ages rolled away. This growth is of the strangest sort, the advance being sometimes by great leaps, while at others we have singular oscillations, some of which bring about errors or delusions more serious than those of earlier periods. It cannot be said, therefore, that the growth of geographical knowledge was continuous, and still less that anything deserving the name of knowledge is to be looked for in the epical literature which quickened the historical instinct of later ages. The bearing of these remarks on a multitude of speculations relating to the geography of the ancient world is obvious. Unless they can be refuted, no room is left for the decision of any geographical question on the mere weight of statements made by any ancient authorities. The blow falls not merely on the poems which we now receive as Homeric, not merely on the assertions of Herodotus, or Thucydides, or Xenophon, but even on scientific astronomers like Hipparchus, and systematic geographers like Strabo. Not one of these had any adequate guarantees against mistakes and blunders of the most serious kind; and in some respects the men of science were rather worse off than those who made little or no pretension to it.

This is the keynote of Mr. Bunbury's work; and, as the systematic working out of this position is its chief characteristic, so we believe that, by the fulness and exactness with which he has accomplished this task, he has done the highest service, and deserves the gratitude not only of geographical students, but of all scholars whose researches trench on the description of the earth, of its productions, and of its inhabitants. The superstitious veneration paid to ancient poets especially has been a source of the most serious mischief; and its effects are not much counteracted by such works as the *Dictionary of Geography*, although their value is admittedly great. At the outset Mr. Bunbury enters a protest against the undue weight attached to the words of ancient writers:—

Instead of at once drawing the line, as would be done without hesitation in the case of a mediæval writer, between what was accurate and trustworthy and what was vague and inaccurate, the most fanciful suggestions have been made and ingenious theories invented to account for what was simply erroneous. Even the supposition of vast physical changes has been introduced or adopted rather than acknowledge that Herodotus or Strabo can have made a mistake.

His object therefore has been chiefly to determine how far ancient writers were right in their geographical descriptions, and how far they were wrong, and to pass sentence against them without hesitation whenever their words are palpably opposed to facts which must have been in their days what they are in our own.

This task is by no means so easy as many may be disposed to think it. We often import into the study of ancient writers a mass of prepossessions derived from the experience of more recent ages, and even cautious readers may do so with profound unconsciousness. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are poems which mention a great many names of places and countries, with some of which the poet was beyond all doubt personally familiar. We have no warrant for assuming that he had this acquaintance with all the spots or regions of which he gives us a detailed description. He relates, further, some military expeditions and voyages to distant lands. We are still less justified in taking up the narrative with the notion that he had in his mind with regard to these any definite geographical system. The course to be followed by us is clear. We have to confine our attention, as Mr. Bunbury insists, "as entirely as possible to the words of the poet himself and the conclusions that may be legitimately drawn from his own language." This was the position laid down by Mr. Gladstone; but unfortunately he did not adhere to his rule, and his examination of these poems yielded little more than a plentiful crop of paradox. We are met at starting by the fact that the poets of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* had no words for the points of the compass. They speak of Darkness, and of the direction or quarter of the Dawn and the Sun; but the vagueness with which these terms are used has led many, and not in recent times only, to suppose that by the former the North was meant, and by the latter the South. The theory falls to the ground at once, inasmuch as in these phrases the dawn is invariably associated with the sun. Mr. Gladstone argues that they must be taken definitely to mean the South-east and the North-west, and then uses them systematically with this meaning, for which, of course, there is simply no evidence whatever. Strabo, it is true, speaks of Homer as the founder of scientific geography; but we have only to take the indications of place as given, for instance, in the voyages of *Odysseus*, to see the uselessness of looking for a geographical system where none ever existed. The land of the Cyclopes has been supposed to be Sicily. Yet it is certain, Mr. Bunbury remarks, that there is nothing in the *Odyssey* to lead to that conclusion:—

There is no indication either of the distance or of the direction of the voyage from the land of the Lotus-eaters thither; and it is scarcely neces-

sary to add that neither the name of Sicily nor that of *Ætna* is found in Homer. . . . To this it must be added that Homer elsewhere speaks of an island called *Thrinakia*, which has been almost universally identified with Sicily; and not only is there nothing to connect this with the land of the Cyclopes, but the two appear in the mind of the poet to have been entirely separate.

From the island of *Æolus*, of which we are told only that it lay a long way to the west of *Ithaca*, the wanderer goes to the land of the *Læstrygones*. Six days and nights of hard rowing are spent on the voyage; but nothing is said as to the direction in which they were moving. For the voyage from the city of *Lamos* to the island of *Kirke* or *Circe* we have no indication even of time. The attempt to identify this spot with the Italian promontory of *Circeii*, which is not an island at all, Mr. Bunbury justly speaks of as absurd; adding that it is "equally impossible to attempt any other determination of an island of which nothing is told us that is not on the face of it purely fabulous." The difficulties are not lessened when we come to the names of well-known places. The group of islands which includes *Kephallenia* is headed by one for which no representative can be found, and this island is, strangely enough, mentioned in the catalogue of ships in the *Iliad* as one which contributed forty ships for the war, while *Kephallenia*, *Ithaca*, and *Zakynthos* together furnished only twelve. The efforts to meet the difficulty are only evasions. Colonel Leake tried to satisfy himself with the thought that "there is no proof in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* that *Dulichium*, although at the head of an insular confederacy, was itself an island." There is none in the *Iliad*; but the place is mentioned thrice in the *Odyssey*, and in each instance we are expressly told that it was an island. There is absolutely no room for doubt when we read the lines

ὅσσοι γὰρ νῆσοισιν ἐπικρατέουσιν ἄριστοι
Δουλιχίῳ τε Σάμῃ τε καὶ Ὀλύμπῳ Ζακύνθῳ,

and no room, therefore, for the notion, which Mr. Gladstone eagerly adopts, that the three islands were in fact two, *Dulichium* and *Same* being names for different portions of *Kephallenia*. The only indication of sailing by the stars is found in the *Odyssey*, where the nymph *Calypso* tells the wanderer that, in order to reach the *Phaïakian* land, he must keep the constellation of the Great Bear steadily on his left hand; or, in other words, that he must sail from west to east. But this, seemingly, will not suit any of the hypotheses with which geographers wish to make it fit. Some, therefore, interpret it to mean the north-east, others the south-east, while Mr. Gladstone, admitting that, if the words are taken in their natural sense, they are fatal to his whole fabric of Homeric geography, argues that the phrase, ἐν ἀριστερᾷ χειρὶ, means not "on his left hand," but "on his right." On this Mr. Bunbury trenchantly remarks, "Among all the subtle attempts that have been made from the days of the Alexandrian critics to our own to explain away the poet's meaning when it did not suit their purpose, it would be difficult to find a more ingenious piece of special pleading than the elaborate excursus in which Mr. Gladstone attempts to support this strange paradox." It is perhaps enough to say that the phrase, although it does not occur elsewhere in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, is used by *Apollonius Rhodius* in its usual sense, although it is not easy to see what would be gained even if we had a definite indication of direction for a land which, when it is reached, is manifestly a *Nephelokokkygia*.

With the Argonautic expedition Mr. Bunbury deals, as we might expect, much more summarily. The details which impart to the voyage from the *Symplegades* to *Colchis* the character of a geographical treatise are the additions or inventions of comparatively late years, and the *Orphic Argonautica* must be assigned to a time subsequent to the first century of the Christian era. In the *Odyssey* the story of the Argonauts is connected chiefly with the dangers of the rocks called *Planctæ*; and the poet places these rocks between the shoals of the *Seirens* and the whirlpools of *Skylla* and *Charybdis*, which were generally connected with the western parts of the Mediterranean. It is easy to say that the *Planctæ* and the *Symplegades* were two names for the same object; but this was not at all the idea of the Homeric poet, nor is anything gained, as Mr. Bunbury urges, by the attempt "to combine into one narrative stories originally quite unconnected with one another, and to give a definite form to what the earliest poets and their hearers were contented to leave wholly vague and unsubstantial."

It is unnecessary to go through the remaining details to be found in the geography of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, in the Homeric hymns, or the dramas of *Æschylus*, and scarcely necessary to say that the idea of their resting on any geographical system has been effectually disposed of by Mr. Bunbury. But it is never satisfactory that a question should be cast aside as insoluble; and in a special degree it is unsatisfactory to be told that the Homeric and other traditions are mere freaks of fancy without substance and without meaning. It is not easy to believe that the idea of Cyclopes, of Lotus-eaters, of *Kirke* or *Calypso*, came into the poet's head without any suggestion from without. Geographically, Mr. Bunbury can make nothing of *Læstrygones* and *Phaïakians*, and he is therefore content to banish them "to the outer zone of the Homeric world, in which everything was still shrouded in a veil of marvel and mystery. We can as little explain in the one case as in the other what gave rise to the original legend that has been amplified by the creative genius of the poet into the form with which we are all familiar." If by this nothing more is meant than that no geographical explanations

can be found for them, Mr. Bunbury's conclusion is perfectly right; but those who hold that the materials of these traditions may be examined by other methods which are not geographical will be apt to receive with impatience the assertion that the stories of the Hesperides, of the oxen of Herakles and the island of Erytheia, are undoubtedly Phenician, and may be tempted to reply that Mr. Bunbury himself has given the clue to the early form of the Argonautic tale when he says that the quest of the golden fleece may probably "be regarded as having formed from the first the essential nucleus of the legend." It is surely not more difficult to light on the nucleus of the Phaiakian story; and if we are to be reminded, as Mr. Bunbury reminds us, that "their ships had no need of steersmen or rudders, but knew of their own accord where they were to go," it would be well to tell us also that they knew—or, in other words, were in the habit of visiting—all the cities and fields of the earth. Thus we see that we are dealing with a fleet which could sail over the dry land, with ships which navigate the ocean of air. The scrutiny of the Homeric poems proves abundantly that the Phaiakian land has no place in the geography of the earth. The method of comparative mythology explains the story, not only in its origin, but down to its minute details. The two together finally set at rest the whole question of Homeric geography.

This is a most important result; and it opens the way for an unprejudiced examination of the geography of Hecateus, Herodotus, and later writers. The light thrown on their ideas by Mr. Bunbury's exhaustive treatment is striking and often startling. The comparatively small effect which the introduction of scientific form and arrangement had in the correcting of misconceptions or the removal of blunders is one of the most wonderful facts connected with the history of geography. Mr. Bunbury's researches in this portion of his work assign their true value to the work of all the scientific geographers who followed Eratosthenes, and call for a separate notice.

DENT'S HISTORY OF BIRMINGHAM.*

THE History of the Corporation of Birmingham, some time since reviewed in our columns (see *Saturday Review*, October 26, 1878), was a work issued by the authority and under the direction of the Corporation itself. Its author dealt in a full and instructive manner with the special subject entrusted to him, and traced the growth of an important municipal organization out of the primitive and unpromising elements of the manor steward and the parish constable. With the domestic, social, and political life of the increasing town Mr. Bunce was only incidentally concerned. Mr. Dent, in *Old and New Birmingham*, has proposed to himself the more popular task of writing a "History of the Town and its People." And if we undertake the task of criticizing his work, it is only because he has shown that his subject is of more than local interest, and deserves a more careful literary treatment than is necessary for a publication issued in its present form. The volume before us has the appearance of a bound series of numbers or parts of a cheap periodical, and we believe that the work has actually been issued in parts. It is fully worth the labour of revision and of republication in an altered and permanent form; and among other things its title requires reconsideration. The custom of language from the days which distinguished the "Old" and the "New" Rome to those which recognize an "Old" and a "New" World has attached to the words the idea of local separation. "New" Birmingham should be in America or Australia. Mr. Dent is telling us of the same Birmingham past and present.

There are perhaps more dismal prospects in the world, and more gloomy moments in human life, than those which come within the experience of a passenger from London or Bristol when his train draws up at the Birmingham ticket platform. His eye wanders over a sunless waste, once evidently a smiling valley with its streamlet flowing between green hillsides, and strives in vain to pierce the smoke, while a strange, quick groan at intervals strikes his ear, apparently from the ground beneath his feet. These sounds proceed, not from imprisoned souls, but from the Birmingham proof-house; a term which it may be well not to explain too fully to nervous old ladies in the train. It is pleasant to obtain a glimpse through the "East Prospect of Birmingham" by Westley, taken in 1730, of some portion of this district in its earlier country aspect; and the "prospect," with its accompanying ground-plan, is additionally useful in enabling strangers to Birmingham to understand the principle which has governed the construction of what at first sight appears to be a very perplexing labyrinth. The passenger, ascending into daylight out of the enlarged rat-hole which represents the main station of the town, and into which he has found his way by a tunnel, is aware that the fine street forming the main artery of modern Birmingham must be upon a hill of some elevation, but may easily forget that the old lines of communication in the country are to be looked for in the valleys below. In fact, New Street is comparatively what its name implies, and the town has grown upon the intersection of the lines of traffic now represented by the two London and the Midland lines of railway. The converging roads from the

south-east going out on one line towards Wolverhampton, and the Severn Valley road from Worcester into Derbyshire coming in below the hill from the south-west, formed the nucleus around which the old town grew, its one parish church of St. Martin standing just above the little stream known as the Rea, which carries to the Trent such waters of the high land on the west as do not fall towards the feeders of the Severn. The advantage of such a position as the key to the great mining district towards London and the whole of South-Eastern England, and towards Bristol and the South-West by the Severn, will be evident by a railway map even to such readers as have never experienced the sudden plunge at Birmingham out of the Warwickshire fields and fresh air into the smoke and dreariness of the long miles of "Black Country" beyond it. But, however impossible it may now seem to think of Birmingham as a country town, it is necessary to remember that it is not itself in the mining district, and that, as it gathered round the early village centre its growing industrial population, it became the home not of labourers, but of craftsmen. The original character of its trade may be illustrated from two existing instances, which exhibit great industries arising out of the demand for minute and carefully finished workmanship in vast quantities—the manufacture of steel-pens and that of screws.

Sword-blades and gun-barrels were among the heaviest products of Birmingham manufacture in the seventeenth century. Of foundries for cannon we have not observed any mention in this history, and we believe that there were none. "There exists," Mr. Dent writes, "a popular error among those who know our town but imperfectly, picturing Birmingham as grimy with the dense smoke of furnaces, echoing with the clangour of forges, gleaming with great fires. No picture of the town could be wider of the mark. Scarcely a bar or pig of iron has ever been smelted within its boundaries; there was a solitary furnace at Aston where the blast was blown by a water-wheel, and one of the first steam-engines in this neighbourhood was erected to supply its place." Even this furnace was blown out before 1795, and some cinders from its calx were cut and polished by an ingenious townsman, who "set them in rings and brooches, and sold them as fragments of Pompey's Pillar." The name itself by which the great industry of the town in its many branches was known during the eighteenth century sufficiently indicates its character. The trade of Birmingham was the "toy trade," and the great factory at Soho was established in 1764 by Matthew Boulton for the making of "toys." This word derives its current meaning from an original use for "petty commodities or trifles," and in its trade sense represented buckles, clasps, chains, and an endless variety of small articles of hardware. It was as "a Birmingham buckle-maker" that the "writer who signed himself Job Nott" addressed "his dear brother artificers" in a series of "pamphlets on local and imperial politics" at the time of the French Revolution and during several succeeding years. Mr. Dent is, as we have reason to believe, right in his conjecture of the authorship of these vigorous and effective papers, as to which it is matter of regret that "the most complete series known to be in existence was destroyed in the disastrous fire at the Reference Library"; a regret which is increased as we read the statement that "Job Nott was not among the lovers of liberty and progress, but rather of the unreasoning opponents of all reforms, and of those who in Birmingham ceased to exercise any great influence among the people subsequent to the close of the eighteenth century." It may be hoped that the author's general accuracy as a local historian is not to be judged by this specimen. The "influence" of a gentleman who was not more marked by his dignified presence than by his courteous manner and his cultivated mind is still fresh among Birmingham men. Mr. Theodore Price of Harborne was among the last survivors of those who could look back on the "Church and King" riots of 1791 as a memory of their manhood, and died at the age of ninety some thirty years ago. He was, indeed, a leading member of the group of thoughtful men who were ardent local supporters of Pitt, while Fox forms the centre of the group who, in Gilray's coarse caricature, are drinking the "Birmingham Toast, July 14, 1791"; and perhaps there is no community in England where political feeling so disturbs the exercise of fair judgment as that of Birmingham. This restless activity of thought and passionate rivalry of action may have grown out of the conditions of the local trade, which has depended on the inventive faculty, on the perpetual development of variety, and on the creation and following out of new lines rather than on a mere patient industry within accustomed grooves. It may be a further and more intricate psychological question whether a certain contempt for the rest of mankind which is a characteristic of Birmingham politicians may not be the result of a trade which has, in many of its branches, flourished in direct proportion to the prevalence of a public taste for show and shams instead of plain use and intrinsic value. It has been a "Brummagem" demand which created the "Brummagem" supply; and the shrewd brains and skilful hands which could "make you a hundred pounds' worth of jewellery out of a guinea and a copper kettle" must have learnt to despise their home customers as completely as they could despise the "Indians" for whom certain "medals in imitation of guineas and half-guineas" bearing the date of 1800 were executed. By an unintentional irony these curious evidences of a not too pious fraud have remained to this day in a drawer of relics side by side with "a silver medal on the death of Louis XVI., presented by Mr. —, a manufacturer of such 'toys,' the latter bearing the legend, "Multis ille bonis flebilis

* *Old and New Birmingham: a History of the Town and its People.* By Robert K. Dent. With illustrations. Birmingham: Houghton & Hammond. 1880.

occidit." It is doubted whether the tradition that Birmingham once drove an active trade in idols for the use of the Hindoos rests upon any sound basis of fact; but the spurious spade guineas "made for the Indians" are in point of morality on a level, if anything, not quite so high. There were tender consciences, certainly, among these makers of ancient shams; and Mr. Dent quotes from the late Recorder of Birmingham a good story of an artist in some vile metal known as "soft tommy," overheard by his master cursing the future wearer of the buckles which he was making, who explained that he only wished to be beforehand with the wearer, who was certain to curse him.

We have already pointed out the necessity for a careful revision and re-editing of Mr. Dent's History. It contains valuable material, but much in the same way that the contents of a gold-digger's cradle do so; there is a weary amount of "stuff" to be cleansed and sifted away before the genuine metal can be stored. The book as it stands has as much and as little title to the name of a "History of Birmingham" as a file of a London daily paper for the last century would have to the name of a History of England during that period. The vivid description of the "Church and King" riots of 1791, drawn mainly by the pens of two ladies, sufferers from the outbreak, is a nugget both of size and value; and the story of the "Political Union" movement, under Thomas Attwood, fifty years ago, is fully and vigorously told. The true character of the frightful outrages of 1791 may be learnt from Mr. Dent's pages, although he allows too deep a shadow to rest on the political and ecclesiastical party whose watchword was so shamefully paraded and abused. The magistrates, no doubt, were paralysed by the sudden explosion of licentious fury from the lowest stratum of the populace, which they were, till the arrival of the military, without any physical power to control; but the horror with which the riot was regarded and remembered in the true "Church and King" ranks of the town is still familiar to those who have heard its tradition from contemporaries. Birmingham in 1791 was no more represented by the rioters than "corner-men" represent the Liverpool of to-day.

Among minor details, the challenge to "wager of battle" by the accused upon a charge of murder at Warwick Assizes in 1817 is quite curious enough to deserve a particular account of the legal procedure in the case; but if Mr. Dent allows, in any revised edition of his work, the reappearance of the whole nauseous story of outrage and crime which he has disinterred for his present purpose, he will deserve criticism of a kind which for the present we suspend.

The illustrations throughout the volume are numerous and interesting, consisting of fac-simile engravings from local originals of various dates and various styles of art. The reproduction of a handbill of 1731 notifying the running of a "Birmingham Stage Coach," with woodcut heading, is among the most amusing and characteristic of these pictures, and by some unaccountable accident it is inserted in its proper place. For the rest, it might perhaps be possible to combine the letterpress and the illustrations upon some system of more incongruous inappropriateness than the ingenuity of Mr. Dent's printers has already devised; but our own powers would be entirely unequal to the attempt.

MADemoiselle de Mersac.*

THE materials of three-volume novels which deal with nothing more repellent and unnatural than the love stories of innocent people cannot but have a certain family resemblance. There must be at least two men in love with the same girl, and it is obvious that both cannot be successful. When a writer has got thus far he has to face the difficulties, first, of continuing the story through the rest of his three volumes, then of bringing it to a satisfactory conclusion. In one sense the latter of these is the greater. Padding a novel is not probably a very difficult task, and novel-readers are lenient enough as to the manner in which it is done, especially if the author is considerate enough to isolate the padding from the story proper, so that an experienced reader can tell at a glance what to skip. But to bring matters to an end which shall give general satisfaction is not so easy. If both the young men are meritorious, and one of them marries the girl, some kind of consolation prize must be found for the other. He may perhaps discover that he has really been in love all the time with somebody else, who has also been in love with him; or he may have a single but brilliant career, in the course of which he will from time to time look fondly and with a sigh at an old glove, or a locket, or a piece of crumpled note-paper covered with a girl's scrawl; or he may be the means of providing the happy couple with a handsome income, and find his reward in the contemplation of his own generosity. Perhaps any method of this kind is more likely to please than that which the writer of *Mademoiselle de Mersac* has adopted of causing the girl to die as soon as she has finally decided which of her two suitors she can and will marry. He adds, it is true, that, if she had married the chosen one, both she and he would have discovered that they had made a mistake; but probably many readers will feel that it would have been fair at least to give them a chance.

We have begun, as we believe some novel-readers are in the habit of beginning, at the wrong end of a book which is not

without freshness and attraction. The author has provided for various tastes by making part of the action of the story take place in Algiers, with the scenery and life of which he is evidently familiar, and by having a list of characters, half of whom are French, half English, while his heroine is the daughter of a French father and an English mother. She and her brother Léon live under the care of the Duchess de Breuil, an old friend of their father's. This is what Mr. Norris says of his heroine's position:—

Mademoiselle de Mersac, whose character exhibited a good many traits of a kind more or less puzzling to her friends, was in nothing more incomprehensible to them than in her prolonged and voluntary spinsterhood. A young lady of the quasi-mature age of three-and-twenty, beautiful, well-dowered, of excellent family, and still unmarried, is no ordinary phenomenon in French society; but then Mademoiselle de Mersac was not an ordinary person, nor were her circumstances ordinary circumstances. Had she occupied a position analogous to that of her neighbours, her matrimonial affairs would, of course, have been arranged for her long since by provident parents; but Fate had decreed that she should make her *début* in society as an orphan, and, further, that she should do so in the exceptional character of absolute mistress of her own destinies. For the late Marquis de Mersac, influenced by his English education, his English wife, and also perhaps by certain melancholy experiences of his own, had harboured, and frequently expressed, an intention that his daughter should choose her husband for herself *à la mode anglaise*. Whether, after his death, his desires would have been respected by the Duchess de Breuil (who, for her part, thought them eminently judicious), had that lady possessed the power of opposing them, is at least open to doubt; but, happily or unhappily for Jeanne, she had no such power.

Mlle. de Mersac's marriage-portion was held in trust for her until the date of her wedding or the completion of her thirtieth year; and she could please herself entirely in the matter of marriage. The Duchess did what she could by bringing forward one eligible suitor after another, but Jeanne would have nothing to say to any of them.

Jeanne, when we are first introduced to her, is waiting for her brother Léon, who has been away in England; and, going to meet the horseman whom she takes for him, finds that it is a groom, with a note to say that he is stopping to breakfast in the town. The Duchess, when she hears of this, is irritated. She does not "like to think that my boy cares so little about seeing us again that he is ready to turn aside, as soon as he lands, to breakfast with the first one he meets. Who is his friend?" Jeanne replies, "M. de Saint-Luc, I believe"; on which the Duchess's face loses its cross expression, and she proceeds to speak in praise of Saint-Luc in an aggressive way. Finally, she asks Jeanne why she dislikes Saint-Luc, and Jeanne answers, "I neither like nor dislike him; I care nothing about him. But I do not think his company is likely to do Léon any good. He is a gambler; he has dissipated his fortune by betting and card-playing in Paris." It is needless to say that M. de Saint-Luc is one of the two regulation suitors of a three-volume love story. The other is a Mr. Barrington, a rich Englishman, who appears on the scene a little later. M. de Saint-Luc goes the wrong way to work to gain the love of Jeanne, whom the Duchess has told him, he must woo "à l'anglaise"—that is, he must make her love him before she will consent to marry him. He knows her fondness for Léon, but he does not know her dread of his influence on Léon, and therefore he is very attentive to the brother, hoping thus to create a favourable impression on the sister, but in reality doing exactly the opposite. It is a well-meant but mistaken kindness of his to Léon that furnishes the author with the difficulty in the way of Jeanne's love affairs going smoothly which is the necessary point of departure. The thing is devised with some ingenuity, and should not perhaps be criticized too keenly. Léon proposes one night to Saint-Luc to turn into the club and play at whatever happens to be going on. Saint-Luc, who is himself going to play, advises Léon not to do so, "firstly, because they are playing lansquenet at the club to-night, and lansquenet is, of all games that I know, the one at which large sums are most easily lost. Secondly, because there is no luck in the air to-night. Thirdly, because you have not got enough money in your pockets. I have three hundred francs, the loss of which will probably sober me. You will lose what you have in a few minutes, after which you will take to paper and become reckless. Also, your head is not so cool as mine to start with." These are all excellent reasons, and of course have no kind of effect on Léon. What Saint-Luc has prophesied, and more, comes to pass. The deal falls to Saint-Luc, and Léon, who is sitting next to him, covers his stake four times and loses. The fifth time he gets back his paper, and soon twenty francs of winnings. "That," says Saint-Luc good-naturedly in his ear, "is not the way to play lansquenet," and of course his timely warning has no effect. Léon continues his foolish system of doubling with other dealers, finally loses his temper, and might have got into a serious scrape but for Saint-Luc's intervention. The deal comes back to Saint-Luc, who in sheer thoughtlessness puts up a heavy stake, which Léon immediately covers. Luck runs completely against Léon, who by his continual doubles is merely blocking the way for other players. Saint-Luc attempts to help him out in a certain way which is prevented by the technicalities of the club rules. It may be noted that the description of the game is throughout admirably clear, and that the excitement is very skilfully kept up. Finally, having won a very heavy sum from Léon, Saint-Luc quietly passes the deal, which of course seemed a very cruel thing to do. He did it, however, with the best intentions, as Léon found out the next morning when Saint-Luc, saying that he had always found his card-winnings go out at the window, tore up Léon's

* *Mademoiselle de Mersac*. By W. E. Norris, Author of "Heaps of Money." 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

I. O. U.'s and flung them away. Unfortunately he had not calculated on the early training which made it impossible to Léon to consider himself discharged from his debt by such a process as this. Yet, if he were not so discharged, he would have to sell his patrimony. Only one way out of a serious difficulty occurs to Saint-Luc:—

"You said just now that a man cannot take a present of money from a friend—not that I ever proposed to make you such a present; but let that pass. One thing, however, you must admit; anybody may accept money from his nearest relations, and I think you could hardly refuse the sum in question if it were offered to you by—your sister."

"Quite out of the question," answered Léon. "Even supposing that I were enough of a scoundrel to rob Jeanne of her fortune, I could not do so. It is held in trust for her till her marriage."

"Yes; but upon her marriage I have heard—I understood," said Saint-Luc, a little confusedly—"that is, Madame la Duchesse told me, one day, that it would become her absolute property."

"That is so certainly, but—"

"Just allow me to finish what I was going to say. You know what my wishes have been, and are, with regard to your sister, and lately you have encouraged me to hope that, in spite of all that has passed, there might still be a chance for me. Well, supposing that I have the great good fortune to succeed, what I would propose to you is this. Let your sister, on her wedding-day, pay you 255,800 francs (a sum which is, I believe, more than covered by her dowry). You will then pass the money on to me, and all will be said and done. I don't see what objection you can make to such an arrangement. You must remember that, in suggesting it to you, I am thinking of her comfort as much as of yours, and that if you agree to it, you will spare her and Madame de Breuil an amount of unhappiness which, in my humble opinion, you have no right to inflict upon them."

This, however, leads to fresh and worse difficulties. Jeanne is terribly upset when Léon tells her what has happened. It seems to her that he has "allowed a stranger to think that he might take your sister in payment of a gambling debt." Nothing is further from Saint-Luc's mind than such a view of the matter as this, but Jeanne, with her unhappy prejudice against him, does not perceive this. So, Barrington having been summoned to England and gone away without any definite declaration, and Léon and Saint-Luc being on the spot, Jeanne agrees to a marriage with a man whom she cannot ever love, since she does love another man. This is a pretty complication enough, and its unravelling gives matter enough for the greater part of the second and third volumes of the book, which are diversified with clever sketches of character and scenery. We have perhaps had enough of the Franco-Prussian war in novels, but the writer of *Mademoiselle de Mersac* manages to treat it with a certain freshness. The book, if not violently exciting, is pleasant and wholesome reading, and is written with style and knowledge.

MALLESON'S HERAT.*

THIS book sets forth the importance, indeed the necessity, of our instantly acquiring Herat. And the argument by which this thesis is enforced has all the merit of novelty. The annexation is urged mainly on moral grounds. A good deal is, of course, made of the danger of allowing the place to fall to Russia; but we are also enjoined to go there as a matter of duty, not to ourselves, but to our fellow-creatures. "Polity, justice, humanity, the very safety of our Indian Empire, demand the movement. No people implore it more than the Heratis." "Again, in 1717 Herat experienced, for the first time, the horrors of conquest by the Afghans, and the still more prolonged misery of Afghan rule. The nature of that rule has been described in words that burn, by an eyewitness, the illustrious Hungarian, Arminius Vambéry. How the Afghan conqueror swaggers in the streets, disdainful work, but at any time ready to murder and to plunder; how the Afghan governor lays on imported and exported articles duties all but prohibitory, thus stifling the trade which is the life-blood of the place; how the very caravans which, before the Afghan period, traversed the neighbouring valleys and passes in safety, are now plundered within Herat territory, often with the connivance of the Afghan governor; how the people, ground down by taxes, by plunder, by oppression in its most loathsome forms, turn their longing eyes to England to rid them of their insolent oppressors—all these things, and more, are told in full detail by Vambéry. . . . Talk of Bulgarian atrocities! they sink to nothing when compared with the daily, hourly atrocities perpetrated by the Afghans upon the Heratis. . . . Her palaces are in ruins, her markets are but a shadow of what they once were, her children crouch before the insolent Afghan; but she survives, the vital spark still burns, dimly indeed, but it burns. . . . The first necessity is the removal of the oppressor who, for more than a century and a half, has so shamefully abused his position." And so on, in glowing periods. Here is a case clearly for humanitarian interference. It may be all very well for cold-blooded politicians to contemplate the possibility of counteracting the efforts of an insidious Power to possess herself of the garden of Central Asia; but the great heart of Liberal England will beat faster than that of a calculating statesman; here is something worse than the unspeakable Turk close to our own door, so to speak. We may gratify our noblest aspirations as a benevolent and beneficent nation, and do a good stroke of business into the bargain, by straight-

way marching on and taking possession of Herat. Nor will it be all patriotism and spending money. We shall soon be recouped the little outlay involved in the move by the great trade which would spring into life upon the annexation:—

In a few years Herat would prove the milch-cow of Northern India. . . . The actual products of the Herat Valley are assafetida, saffron, pistachio-nuts, fruits of all sorts, gum-mastic, manna, wheat, barley, and other descriptions of corn. . . . The grapes are peculiarly luscious.

Who can doubt that the annexation would be self-supporting? The trade in pistachio-nuts alone should go far to pay for the cost of the garrison. It was that eminent philanthropist, Mr. Ralph Nickleby, who pointed out that there were nearly two millions of unhappy souls in London alone who never tasted muffins from one year's end to the other; but the number of our unfortunate fellow-countrymen who have never tasted pistachio-nuts at all must be vastly greater. The commercial uses of assafetida are practically boundless. Nor is it only agricultural products which would reward our benevolence. "The existence of silver mines rests on the authority of Ibn Haukal and Edrisi," although it appears that the working of the principal mine "has been abandoned on account of its great depth and by reason also of the scarcity of firewood in the vicinity." But British capital and enterprise would no doubt soon overcome such difficulties as want of fuel or excessive depth. The American silver mines have lately shown signs of stopping their yield. We might call on the East to redress the deficiency of the West.

It is not too much to affirm that a few years of English administration would suffice to place Herat and its districts in the position with respect to Afghanistan which the province of Bengal occupies with respect to Northern India—that is, Herat would pay all the expenses of occupation of Afghanistan and still yield something more to the Treasury.

The comparison is apt. Bengal is about twice as large as France, and has sixty-six millions of inhabitants; Herat is in a valley perhaps five-and-twenty miles wide, bounded by rugged hills:—

But this is the least of the benefits its occupation would accomplish. The indirect wealth which would accrue to England by the possession of the key to the markets of Central Asia is not to be calculated. But it is not to the cupidity of the British manufacturer that I would appeal. There is something more important even than the commercial interests of the country. These people in their agony implore the protection of England.

And so on. There are some forty or fifty pages of this sort. The padding of the book consists of descriptions, taken from various writers, of the different routes to this promised land of milk and pistachio-nuts. Evidently there is nothing more easy than to get to Herat. You have only to hold Afghanistan in force, to put down all opposition throughout the country; to extend your line of communications from India, which you now find so easy to keep open, for about three times the length of the line now held from Peshawur to Cabul, a line held by nearly twenty thousand men, who do not command a yard of ground off the road they are standing on; you have only to do this, and Herat is yours. Along the proposed routes there are some well-defined tracks, if no actual roads, and on some of these water and food are to be got at every stage. True, for the greater part of the way, food, and at some places even water, would have to be taken by an army; and as General Roberts has not at present the means of moving one-third of his small force, our transport arrangements must first be overhauled; but these are, after all, matters of detail, and the troops, when they do get in sight of Herat, will be rewarded by picturing "what she may yet once more become should England accept the offer which the Heratis earnestly press upon her."

Colonel Malleison indeed lays great stress on the prosperity of Herat in former days, and assumes that, if it fell into the hands of a settled Government, it would thereon recover this prosperity, and become again a great commercial emporium. It is so very favourably situated for becoming the centre of trade in Central Asia. But when Herat is pointed to as having been a great city in ancient times, it has to be remembered that Central Asia also was a populous and fertile country, and that it will not suffice merely to govern a single district well if the surrounding country be sterile and barbarous. The truth is that a great blight has fallen over that as over other great tracts of the earth's surface—Palestine and North Africa, for example. The very climate of some countries has altered. It would be as reasonable to suppose that Babylon and Nineveh would rise to their former splendour if the Euphrates Valley railway were carried out, or that a great wine trade would spring up in Palestine if the Metropolitan police were set down there, as to suppose that Herat is likely to become again what it once was, if it were to pass into the hands of the British. It may become necessary some day to go to the extreme length of occupying Herat; although previously to doing so it would be necessary to put our Indian military system on an entirely new footing, and also to accomplish a real occupation of Afghanistan, matters which Colonel Malleison does not even allude to; but, if we are forced to such an undertaking, no sane person will be for one moment misled by such bunkum as this, that the Heratis are eagerly longing for their deliverance, and that Herat will turn out to be another Bengal and cover all the costs of occupation.

In truth this book is hardly worth serious notice. The grammar of it is on a par with the argument; as, for example, where we are told that "the eternal law which decrees that commerce shall find the quickest and cheapest route . . . which, when the route by the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, abandoned the time-honoured markets of Venice." It seems to be an eternal law that our author's books are

* *Herat: the Granary and Garden of Central Asia*. By Colonel G. B. Malleison, C.S.I., Author of the "History of the Indian Mutiny," &c. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

to be full of fustian and bad English; but he does score one point which is of considerable importance. The Afghans did not show themselves good soldiers on the invasion of 1878, or again last year. They allowed us to carry what might have been impregnable positions with trifling loss. Nor have they proved more capable in attack. The only sign of ability in the late rising was the suddenness and secrecy with which it was effected. But that nevertheless they possess excellent fighting qualities, if these were turned to good account, there is no question; if they had been led by intelligent commanders, the advance on Cabul, so easily accomplished, would have been made quite impracticable for us, with our limited means. Therein lay the danger which the opponents of the Government policy have persistently ignored. They point to the difficulties of transport and communication which we have experienced, and ask how it would be possible for the Russians to march a great army through Afghanistan to the invasion of India. But no sane person, so far as we know, has ever contemplated such a thing. What, however, does seem plain is that it would be quite possible for Russia to organize and make use of the military resources of that country, when not only would it become quite unassailable, but the means would be afforded for making her position there a constant menace to India without the presence of any Russian army. The position for the English Government in India would then be quite unbearable. From that difficulty there is good reason to believe we have been delivered by the prompt action taken in the autumn of 1878. Had the advance been delayed even till the spring, the task would probably have been vastly more difficult. The enormous preparations which Shere Ali had been making, and the great accumulation of warlike stores found at Cabul, are significant of his belief, at any rate, that the time was coming when Russia and Afghanistan might be found in active alliance against India. Except with such an aim this great equipment would have had no meaning.

PASSAGES IN CHURCH HISTORY.*

THE editor, or, to use his or her own word, the compiler, of these volumes has attempted too much or too little. In a brief introductory note we are informed that Dr. Jenkins left at his death a mass of papers in a state of great confusion; that his intention had evidently been to give a general account of the progress of the Church from the Apostolic times to the present day, but that only portions from the history of each century had been written, and these in an incomplete and fragmentary form. The first three centuries were, in fact, dealt with by Dr. Jenkins in a volume called the *Age of the Martyrs*, published in his lifetime, and intended as an introduction to the present work. The note, after disclaiming responsibility for the opinions of Dr. Jenkins, whose "enthusiastic spirit led him to see only goodness and beauty where sterner judges would detect many errors," concludes with these ominous words:—"But, apart from the intrinsic value of the work, it certainly presents a picture of his own pure and devotional mind which cannot fail to be attractive to all, and deeply interesting to those who had the privilege of knowing him." Will friendly editors never learn that "masses of papers" which are deeply interesting to the privileged few cannot always be wisely submitted to the judgment of the general public?

Dr. Jenkins, as we learn from a brief memoir, was the holder of a Missionary Fellowship, who, after some eight years of work in Africa as chaplain to Her Majesty's forces at Natal, found his health so impaired by privation and hardship, as well as by the climate of the colony, that he was obliged to return to England. With the permission of the Bishop of London, at whose disposal he was placed by the conditions of his fellowship, he took up his abode for a time in Oxford, and employed his leisure partly in those ministrations among railway servants and their families which earned for him the title of the "Railway Apostle," and partly in literary work. Both in Oxford and afterwards at Aberdare Dr. Jenkins laboured among his people with great devotion and conspicuous effect; and it is with all the respect and admiration which such a life inspires that we proceed to express and, as we believe, to justify our regret that these fruits of his more studious hours have been given to the world in their present form.

The author's estimate of historical characters and events is, indeed, often such as to provoke criticism, and for this he must doubtless be held answerable; but for the fact that his incomplete and often carelessly worded notes have been strung together and presented to us in the outward garb of a book we must blame those who have had the disposal of his manuscripts. It was open to the compiler of these volumes either to produce a history based upon Dr. Jenkins's notes—a work which, if successfully accomplished, would have been a credit to himself—or to consider that as the materials had not been worked up into a literary form by the author, his reputation would be best consulted by withholding them from publication. The adoption of a middle course leaves us uncertain in many instances whether to lament the accidental incompleteness of an episode or to criticize the inadequacy of its treatment. When, for instance, we are told of Philip II., that "after the death of the Emperor he left the Netherlands and for the rest of his days dwelt in Spain,

watching the rising up of the stern Escorial and laying the dead of his race in its vast dark vaults," we feel that this is neither history nor biography; but we are uncertain whether we are reading a grave assertion that Philip's later days were spent in attending funerals or a somewhat scanty note somewhat wordily expressed. The author's plan of telling the story of the Church in the biographies of those who were the representative men of periods or ideas is in itself most admirable, and has recently been carried out in part in the successful series of "The Fathers for English Readers"; but to deal with one thousand five hundred years of Church history in this or in any other way is a very serious undertaking, and one to which the two small volumes before us are manifestly inadequate. It was perhaps from a desire to economize time and space that Dr. Jenkins omitted all critical examination of many disputed questions and all mention whatever of not a few. Yet his verdicts upon some familiar historical characters and solutions of some well-worn historical problems are so unexpected that we would gladly have heard his reasons, and some notice of the existence of other views might reasonably have been expected.

In passages such as that which we have quoted on Philip II. there is a sacrifice of substance to what looks like an effort after picturesqueness of style, for which Dr. Jenkins was presumably himself responsible; but side by side with blemishes of this kind we find instances of slovenliness of composition and inaccuracy in grammar and orthography which should have been corrected by those who prepared his manuscripts for the press. These are most numerous in the earlier chapters. The attempts of Constantine to check the Trinitarian Controversy are thus referred to (vol. i. p. 3):—"He wrote to command the dispute to cease; but it was too grave for this." In p. 24 Eusebius of Nicomedia is spoken of as Eusebius of Nicadeia. At p. 54 we have "underlaid" for the preterite of underlie. Of the Cilician Mazaca we are told (vol. i. p. 67): "The town itself had changed its name to Cæsarea in the days of Tiberius, because (sic) Julian had passed through and found the temples of Jupiter and Apollo in squalid ruin, and had vented his useless rage in withdrawing from it its Imperial name." This account might at least have been rendered intelligible by the substitution of "but" for "because"; but in the very next page we read that "Cleantes had learned from Zeus, possessing but a single garment and working as a porter for his daily bread." But we will not attempt the ungracious and unprofitable task of enumerating even the more unpardonable of the inaccuracies with which these pages abound. Let two other glaring examples suffice. At the bottom of page 454 of vol. i. we read:—"Luitprand, King of the Lombards, was sent back from the gates of Rome the remonstrances of Gregory II. The great new by power of the Franks was also ready to come over the Alps." These two bewildering sentences need only that the word "by" should be transferred from the second to the first, but no one has been at the pains to make this transfer. In the chapter on "The League" (vol. ii. chap. xxx.) the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and death of Charles IX. have been assigned to the years 1592 and 1594 by the substitution in each case of a 9 for a 7. And here we are reminded of an instance of Dr. Jenkins's odd system of selection among the disputed and undisputed facts of history. He tells us that, after the Massacre, "orders went into the country, and the deeds of blood were repeated throughout the land. Yet here and there men refused to execute such a cruel sentence, and were held harmless; the Bishop of Lisieux took it upon himself to suspend the execution as dishonouring the cause of Christ, and they that had been most fiercely persecuted by the Huguenots were now the first to shelter and protect them." This honour has been claimed for Hennuyer with equal confidence by previous writers, and perhaps we can hardly blame the author of a sketch of Church history for not discussing the objections which have been urged against the claim; but Lacroix, for instance, couples with the Bishop's name that of Sigogne, Governor of Dieppe, pays a tribute to the "heroic humanity" of the Montmorencies, and records the names of the Viscount d'Orthe and the Count de Tende, who, so far from being "held harmless," died, it is supposed, by poison.

The eccentricities of form which we have noticed add much to the difficulty of criticizing the substance of Dr. Jenkins's work. Of the biographical sketches of which it mainly, though not entirely, consists, some are, as a matter of course, much better than others. It may, however, be said of them in general terms that they make no pretence to be written in a critical or judicial spirit; and, while the genial amiability of the author saves him from controversial bitterness, he does not attempt to disguise the strength of his theological and ecclesiastical bias, and often brushes away old conflicts of opinion by the mere uncompromising use of epithets. As we are hurried through the Councils of Nicaea, Tyre, and Sardica, the persecution of Athanasius, and the lives of SS. Basil, Chrysostom, Jerome, Ambrose, Martin of Tours, and Augustine, in less than one hundred and fifty pages, the accounts of Arianism and Pelagianism are necessarily slight; but we are surprised to find in the life of Augustine—in other respects perhaps the best of the early chapters, and one of the best in the book—no account at all of Manichæism. In the brief life of St. Martin it is spoken of as an Eastern heresy which "had the old characteristics of the Gnostics, sometimes the hurtful refusal of God's gifts, sometimes the depth of unhalloved licentiousness"; but of Manes himself, and the strange dualism of his system, we have not a word.

* *Passages in Church History*. Selected from the MSS. of the late Rev. J. D. Jenkins, D.D. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. 1879.

When we come to the days of Charles the Great we learn with interest that a much earlier origin than we had supposed must be assigned to an error, historical this time, and not theological, which modern writers have been at much pains to explode. "His brother Carloman," we read, "died in the course of the year 771, leaving to Charles the whole of the vast heritage of his father. Soon afterwards he became known by the great name of Charlemagne." The domestic infidelity and military ferocity of Charles are ignored. Of his nine divorces, we only hear of that of Desiderata, while we are assured that he "struggled with his evil passions, and sought earnestly to subdue them by prayer and fasting, though the troubles of those quiet days left him little time for such holy exercises." In the chapter on the scholastic philosophy the personal history of Abelard is passed over altogether. Yet it is surely possible to treat it in outline without shocking the sense of propriety of ordinary readers; and to say that "it seems plain that in his latter years his moral character had improved" is to trifle, however unintentionally, with the facts.

Of the Crusaders Dr. Jenkins speaks with unqualified approval:—"The cause of their lamentable failure was the prodigality of Frederick II., King of Sicily and Emperor of the Romans." Indeed there is in his references to this Emperor something of the bitterness to which Roman Catholic writers on the subject have accustomed us; and the whole chapter on "The Struggle of the Church with the Hohenstaufen," from its title to its last word, is the work of an advocate rather than an historian. If Hallam is too lenient to the Emperors in his treatment of this epoch, we may surely appeal to so orthodox a writer as the Archbishop of Dublin, and contrast his lecture on the Popes and the Hohenstaufen, the twelfth of his series on mediæval Church history, with the chapter before us. It is, as the Archbishop reminds us, "a thrice-told tale"; and indeed the Holy Roman Empire and the long tragedy of the house of Swabia are subjects of never-failing interest; but there is more reason on this account for a new historian to keep clear of the old animosities which have gathered round them. Frederick II. stands forth as the champion of irreligion, if not of Atheism—the scoffer, the deceiver, the libertine; and, even allowing for the trials of his position and the treatment he received from the Popes, history cannot pass a much lighter sentence on him than that of poetry, pronounced by the Ghibelline Dante. But for Barbarossa, "the greatest Emperor since Charles," and "one of the noblest figures of mediæval Europe," Dr. Jenkins has no good word; while Adrian, Alexander, Innocent, Honorius, and Gregory, are hardly ever mentioned without epithets of praise and expressions of admiration. In this chapter, at p. 151, occurs one of the clerical errors of the abundance of which we have had to complain. We are told that the struggle of the Church and the Hohenstaufen ended only with the deposition of the grandson of Barbarossa by Frederick II. at the Council of Lyons. For Frederick II. we must, of course, read Innocent IV. Though the defeat of Frederick at Legnano is described, we look in vain for an account of its results in the concession to the Lombard cities secured by the treaty of Constance.

On the interesting subject of Savonarola and the Medici Dr. Jenkins seems to write with a certain constraint. The relations of "Brother Jerome," as he calls him, with the Popes are doubtless embarrassing. We read that Savonarola, when summoned to Rome by Alexander VI., "spoke strongly against the unworthy Pope," and also that "Alexander VI. had undoubtedly been the chief cause of the terrible fate to which Savonarola succumbed"; but we read also that "the last five years of the Pontiff's life seem to have been sanctified by a true repentance." This "unworthy" is the worst epithet which can be found for Rodrigo Borgia, "the scourge of Christendom and the opprobrium of the human race"; and for the story of his death by poison, now generally and doubtless justly discredited, we have the story of his declining years "sanctified by true repentance." To Lucrezia Borgia we are introduced, without reference to her previous history, as married to Alfonso, "whom she aided with her clear counsel and wife-like affection, while she gained the respect and admiration of her husband's subjects by her unselfish wisdom and princely care." To this commendation is added a quotation from Roscoe, to the effect that "towards the close of her life she became severely rigid in her religious duties, and devoted herself to works of benevolence and piety"—words which certainly suggest a very different context. After this we are not surprised to read of "the saintly Giovanni de' Medici," but we confess to a feeling of strangeness in meeting in a later chapter (p. 529) with "Rubens, the pure-minded and devout."

To our author himself no one will deny the possession of these qualities. As children he would lead us, a child himself, through the dark and foul places of history, seeing but little evil except in opposition to the Church, from which he finds it hard to distinguish the Papacy. But while by its purity and simplicity his narrative seems fitted to be an introduction to Church history for young people, the faults of one-sidedness and inaccuracy which we have been compelled to point out make it a dangerous guide for beginners, and remove it far indeed from the rank of a standard authority for general readers.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL-BOOKS.*

MR. A. SIDGWICK'S edition of the Twenty-second Book of the Iliad is raised above the rank of merely rudimentary by a few aids to the use of grammar and lexicon, some small points of accentuation, and so forth. It may be added that the particular book is well chosen for its purpose; indeed it is apter for a young scholar's use than any other book of the Iliad except the Sixth, with the famous interview between Hector and Andromache. The student knows by heart every turn and bend in the eventful courses round the walls, the dreamlike chase wherein one cannot catch nor can the other escape, and where, in Zeus's weighing of the scales, Hector's eventually sinks. And the whole book is of equal value, whether we take Hector's dying prophecy of ill to his rival, or Priam and Hecuba's lament, or Andromache's thrice-touching dirge. Mr. Sidgwick gives in his introduction a brief summary of all that needed to be said as to Homer, his date, his critics, and the nightmare of Wolf's prolegomena, and we thank him for the admission that Wolf made the utmost of the "difficulty of oral transmission." On the whole, this little edition deserves the credit of "multum in parvo," and yet it is not crowded with supererogatory matter. On the ten lines v. 111—21 we are indebted to Mr. Sidgwick's elucidation for the discovery that there is no expressed apodosis; and he rightly and simply explains the proverbial line *ὁ μὲν πῶς νῦν ἐστὶν ἀπὸ δρῶς οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης*. There is an idiomatic repetition in v. 203, *πνυμάτων τε καὶ ὕδατος*, "last and latest," with which Mr. Sidgwick compares our parallel "first and foremost." In 219 *πεφυγμένον ἄμυε*, "escaped from us," is a strange deponent form only found in the epic.

Mr. Edmund Fowle appears to find a demand for a cheaper form of the collected lessons which make up his First Book of the Iliad. The latter half is printed without notes, though we are referred to the general vocabulary for the difficulties which may occur. Thus, if we look at v. 401, *διτύχα ποιήσαντες*, we shall find *διτύχα ποιῶν* correctly explained "to lay double," i.e. to lay the flesh or thigh-pieces of the victim on a layer of fat, and upon this to place still another. Examination on other points shows Mr. Fowle to be generally correct, but we are not sure that his method is progressive enough.

There is more bone and muscle in the *Second Greek Reader*, of the Clarendon Press Series, whether we consider the valuable and practical syntax meted out to suit the precise needs of readers of Herodotus and Xenophon, and placed at the threshold of the volume, or examine the historical essays and notes referring to Marathon, Plataea, the Spartan State, and the Spartan King. It must be confessed, however, that it seems an awkward way of providing a new book of Attic Greek prose to take down one's Herodotus and convert him from Ionic into Attic, and it is hardly justified on the plea that fourth-form boys want more lively and real pictures of Greek history and Greek life than can be got in the limited scope of the *Anabasis*. The objection to this device is that we are not engaged on a genuine Greek author, and there is a suspicion of tinkering in the composition; though this does not apply to the selections from Xenophon, some of which are from the Lacedæmonian Republic and give details of the training of the heroes of Thermopylæ and Plataea, others the picture of the able Greek sovereign and statesman, Agesilaus. In his passages from Herodotus Mr. Bell has managed to include all the most stirring that are concerned with the invasion of Greece and the Persian war. Such anecdotes as the run of Pheidippides, the Athenian courier, and his mysterious message from the great god Pan to the Athenians, have a flavour of the Father of History that is worth preserving, though, as the note at l. 253 informs us, "it is unfortunate that Herodotus has not more exactly recorded the time of this remarkable run," a distance of 125 miles or so in two days. Here, too, are the death of Callimachus and the exploit of Æschylus's brother Cynegæirus; and we are obliged to agree with Mr. Bell that, when we get into the more technical Greek of Xenophon, things are less lively. There is much to be learned about the Spartan discipline; elaborate problems as to the training of boys and young men, now and then involving such unusual phrases as *τὸν τοποτέρου τῶν εἰρένων*, "the sharpest of the twenty-year olds," for *εἶρη* was the technical word for the Spartan youth after twenty, of an age to speak in the Assembly and to command troops. We have already mentioned the succinct, lucid,

* *Homer's Iliad*. Book XXII. By Arthur Sidgwick, M.A., Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1880.

First Book of Homer's Iliad in Graded Lessons, &c. By Rev. Edmund Fowle. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

Second Greek Reader.—Selections from Herodotus and Xenophon. With Introductory Notes and Vocabulary. By A. M. Bell, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1879.

The Georgics of Virgil. Book IV. Edited by C. E. Jepp, M.A., Head-Master of King Edward's School, Stratford-on-Avon. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1880.

The Phormio of Terence. Revised Text and Notes. By Rev. John Bond, M.A., and Arthur S. Walpole, B.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

Cæsar de Bello Gallico. B. I.—III. Edited by J. H. Merryweather, M.A., and C. C. Tanewick, M.A., Assistant-Masters at Charterhouse. London: Rivingtons. 1880.

Livy's History of Rome. A Literal Translation from Text of Madvig. Books V., VI., VII. By "A First-classman." Oxford: James Thornton. 1879.

and work-a-day syntax which is so valuable a part of this manual.

The next volume on our list is a prize in its way—the Fourth Book of the *Georgics*, edited as a labour of love, with rare pains and refinement, by Mr. Jepp. Not that there is any lack of exponents of any part of Virgil; but somehow new beauties rise unbidden to the faithful admirer of the most cultivated of poets. Little niceties of sense yield themselves to the competent scholar like Mr. Jepp who limits his study to a choice portion, such as the Bee-book, and treats it in a way wherein no critic can complain that aught of importance has been overlooked. He has doubtless read and re-read his commentaries. We are reminded of Conington when, in reference to v. 29, he calls attention to Virgil's grandiose manner in the line "Aut præceps Neptuno immerserit Eurus." Here "Neptuno" is = aqua, by metonymy, just as in 64. at "Matris quate cymbala circum," "matris" standing for Cybele, the mother of the gods, is another instance of Virgil's magniloquence. Compare "Pocula Acheloiæ" in the First Book of the *Georgics*. In v. 50 Mr. Jepp aptly notes on "vocisque offensa resultat imago," the instance of transferred epithet by the figure Hypallage, it being the voice, not the echo, which strikes. Mr. Blackmore poetically turns it, "And baffled, backward leaps the ghost of sound"; and Mr. Jepp's translation is often as good as if it were poetry, for neatness and point of expression. In v. 105 *seq.*, Virgil gives directions for clipping the queen's wings to keep her from straying, and this plan, as Mr. Jepp informs us, is recommended also in Hunter's *Manual*. In like manner, at 178, in reference to the division of labour among the bees—"Grandævis oppida curæ Et munire favos, et dædala fingere tecta"—we are referred to Aristotle, *Hist. An.* ix. 40; though Mr. Neighbour states that, as a matter of fact, the younger workers perform all the home duties for the first two or three weeks of existence, till they are strong enough to forage; and at v. 190, "Fessosque sopor suus occupat artus," we are reminded that Huber and Von Berlepsch maintain that bees do sleep, though the process of honey-making is not intermitted by night. "Sopor suus," according to Conington, = the sleep they need; according to Mr. Kennedy, "their peculiar sleep." On the interpretation of the lines,

Quotque in flore novo pomis se fertilis arbor
Induerat, totidem autumnæ matura tenebat,

we cannot doubt that Mr. Jepp's sense is the true one, which connects "matura" with "pomis," not "arboris." "All the fruits his prolific tree had clothed itself withal at early flowering, full as many it retained in autumn ripeness." Mr. Blackmore's verdict is in the same sense. In the episode of Aristæus occurs a line which has been the subject of some dispute, whether, when that famous beemaster says to Proteus, "Scis, Proteu, scis ipse; neque est te fallere quicquam" (427), the sense is, "Nor is it possible to deceive you in aught," or "you cannot give me the slip, do what you will, so give up the attempt;" it seems to us that the taking "fallere" as *i.g.* *λανθάνειν* settles the question. For a specimen of Mr. Jepp's renderings we may cite vv. 523-27, "Tum quoque marmorea—flumine ripæ." "Even then, while Hebrus, stream of Cægrus his sire, was rolling down in mid-current the head torn from that marble neck, his very voice and his tongue now cold in death kept calling, Eurydice! ah, poor Eurydice! with fleeting breath. Eurydice! the banks re-echoed all down the stream." Of course he refers to Pope's parallel passage in the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. Mr. Jepp will do well to annotate some other choice classic gem.

Messrs. Bond and Walpole's edition of the *Phormio* of Terence apparently claims in its preface to lay the foundation of a third critical edition of the dramatist. They first animadvert, not quite undeservedly, on Mr. Parry's ultra-conservatism as to MSS. The second edition to which they refer (Professor Wagner's) they cannot acquit of carelessness; and it may be owned that they themselves come before the public with a text vastly improved by a return to the reading of the Bombyne Codex, and by the help of the edition of Umpfenbach. They are, it must be added, somewhat cavalier in their ignoring of more than one good serviceable Terence of the last quarter of a century. Their own work is extremely elementary and slender in respect of prosody and scansion, a matter in which as yet no English editor has achieved much. We have to thank them, however, for a capital introduction to Terence and to Latin comedy. It deals in interesting notes on Terence's loans from the Attic New Comedy, as seen in his seven extant plays, and examines his humour, his plots, his sentiment, and character-painting, with much appropriate illustrative remark. Of the scansion we have said that the account given in the introduction is slender; but it is just to add that when we are once in the midst of the play, the editors elucidate patiently all difficulties, and never leave the tiro hopelessly in the lurch. In glancing over the first act one or two notes have struck us as worth notice, either for appositeness or defect. In the first scene, 43-44, are two highly appropriate notes—one grammatical, the other illustrative—on *uncutim* as the accusative case of a noun used adverbially; the other on the antithetic force of the same word in the studied climax—namely, "What the poor wretch *ounce* by *ounce*, with miserly stinting, has barely spared from his rations, all this is to go at one fell sweep." At v. 47, "*alio ferietur munere*," we demur to their statement that the expression does not occur elsewhere, and see no occasion for connecting the phrase with a mistranslation of *παράγεται δῶπος*, in Herodot. viii. 5. "Ferire" here, as in *Propert.* III. iii. 50, and in Plaut. *Trin.* ii.

119, is obviously "to cozen," and is so given in Lewis and Short's *New Latin Dictionary* (Clarendon Press). The editors deserve the credit of their note on vv. 48-9, as to the punctuation "*ubi erit puero natalis dies, ubi initiabunt*," explaining this by referring the allusion to the ceremony of "weaning." A capital note, at v. 89, illustrates the word "Tonstrina," that many-featured "Truefit's" of ancient Rome—a lounge as popular as the *Balnea* of the Empire, the *κουπέια* of Athens, or, as the editors note in an afterthought, the kindred lounge at Florence (see George Eliot's *Romola*).

Editions of *Cæsar's Commentaries* threaten to flood the market; but we cannot doubt that the first instalment of Messrs. Merryweather and Tancock's *Cæsar de Bello Gallico* in Rivington's Classical Series fully justifies its existence. Adopting the text of the last edition of Kraner (Dittenburger, Berlin, 1877), but accommodating the numbering of sections to correspond with the Oxford Pocket Classics edition, they have further laid Kraner's notes under contribution for matters of detail and illustration; whilst for sites of battlefields, routes of march and geographical questions, they own themselves indebted to Napoleon III.'s *Julius Cæsar*. A short and clear introduction discusses "Gaul and its relations with Rome," and gives the life of the conqueror of Gaul up to 58 B.C. We may also commend the general accuracy of the geographical indices which form part of the appendix. It remains to be added that this edition furnishes a clear readable type, a sufficient descriptive heading to each chapter, a map or plan at need to explain to the reader such details of Roman and Gallic strategy as the field of battle with Ariovistus or the battle on the Sabis, and a practical running commentary. Wherever we have tested the notes, as in the campaign against Ariovistus, they strike us as admirably to the purpose, whether critical or explanatory.

We scarcely know what to say to a translation of the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Books of Livy, professing nothing higher than to pull pass-men through moderations, intended to be literal, though not slavishly so, and to give only elementary details of the political history of Rome in an introduction of eight pages. The translator shrouds his identity under the mysterious title of "A First-class man." A glance at his handiwork in translating Camillus's speech (Book V. 49-50, &c.) enables us to assess him as neither better nor worse than the common run of manufacturers of "cribs," which are precisely the kind of translations that scholars do not desire to see multiplied. It is probably well fitted for its not very ambitious purpose of passing undergraduates through the previous examinations or moderations.

QUEEN OF THE MEADOW.*

MR. GIBBON'S novel answers to its attractive name, and from the first page to the last has a pleasant fragrance of the country. He deals in charming rustic descriptions without indulging in them to excess, and your fancy can realize the farm of his *Queen of the Meadow*, with its rich yard and rich hay fields, and its general air of peace and plenty. We appreciate the care he has evidently bestowed on his work, and the thought he has given to developing his characters. But in the composition of his story and the unfolding of his plot, he inclines to a somewhat far-fetched exercise of ingenuity. Considering that his chief hero and heroine are eminently frank in speech and straightforward in mind, we feel that they must have quickly come to understand each other in place of prolonging a game of cross purposes. Polly Holt, the Queen of the Meadow, and mistress of the Meadow Farm, is a pretty and unprotected female who can very well take care of herself. She does not lead an altogether solitary life, for her cousin, Sarah Hodsoll, shares her home and the cares of the establishment. But naturally a woman with such weighty agricultural responsibilities is all the better for having a man of knowledge and experience to lean upon; and Polly has got into the habit of having recourse to her cousin and neighbour Michael Hazell. Nobody doubts that Michael adores her. With her quick perceptions, she is fully alive to the fact that she could hardly find a more stalwart arm to lean upon. He is always eager to place his time and intelligence at her disposal, and he is thoroughly conversant with all farming affairs. These gifts and qualifications of his, however, serviceable to her as they are, form only a small part of his merits. In temper, as well as in character and conduct, he is as nearly perfect as a man can be. Moreover, he carries the embodiment of the spirit of chivalry into the business of his everyday life; and in the course of the story she has opportunities of learning the self-sacrifice and devotion of which he is capable. Possibly he has made the mistake of a man earnestly in love, and has shown himself too tender and submissive. It is certain that she trifles with his feelings unfairly; and, after treating him one day as a head-bailiff or a brother, she wounds him the next by thrusting him off at arm's length. We do not blame him for not being quicker to comprehend her—for not making a resolute clutch at the prize which is almost within reach of his strong hand. It is the nature of true love to be timid and self-diffident. But we do feel afterwards that he is provokingly and persistently dull when he fails to read the signs of her readiness to yield to him.

* *Queen of the Meadow.* By Charles Gibbon, Author of "Robin Gray," &c. Chatto & Windus. 1880.

Mr. Gibbon takes a pride in perpetually tantalizing us, by making Michael put aside the happiness which we know awaits him in the end. Time after time he brings him up to Polly, who plays about him like a shy filly round a sieveful of oats; and when Michael has only to throw the arm with the halter round her neck, he makes some awkward movement that scares her away. So we grow somewhat weary of the repetition of scenes which wantonly delay the inevitable *dénouement*.

The book reminds us in many respects of Mr. Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*, though we are too well persuaded of Mr. Gibbon's originality to believe that he ever consciously borrowed from it. He does not show the same lively appreciation of quaint rustic humour in depicting his clodhoppers and repeating their talk; but he is by no means destitute of the sense of drollery, and the language of his people is always natural, while his conceptions of them never turn towards caricatures. Like Mr. Hardy he puts forward an aspirant to the hand of the heiress of the farm who is altogether unworthy of her; yet he not only attributes redeeming virtues to Walton, but makes him come to good in the end. Indeed, Tom Walton is perhaps more natural than Michael Hazell, because he is far less admirable. He is a man to touch the fancies of many women, though hardly perhaps the fancy of such a girl as Polly Holt. One of the gravest indictments that can be brought against him in striking his moral balance-sheet is the number of female hearts he has played fast and loose with. Besides that, he is unduly addicted to jovial company, and has risked and lost far more than he could afford in the racing for which he neglects his farming. Walton is very much an English counterpart of the fast Irish squireen of a former generation; and he is all that would be most objectionable to the refined tastes of a "born lady." He lives upon the borders of a wider world than that of his parish, without belonging to it; he frequents the great meetings at Goodwood and Epsom, where he has been in the habit of burning his fingers till he has involved himself heavily in debt. So of course he gives himself the airs of a man of fashion among his neighbours, and these airs sit very awkwardly upon him. He is apt to give himself the airs of a conqueror, too, on very slight provocation; and Mr. Gibbon makes clever use of these in Walton's interviews with Polly. Whenever she yields him an inch, he immediately takes an ell. We have too much confidence in Polly's good sense and discernment to believe that he is even a formidable rival to Michael. Yet there is no reckoning absolutely with the caprices of the wayward nature with which Mr. Gibbon endows his heroine, and there is always excitement in the notion that it is quite possible she may make a fool of herself. There are clever touches of the unpleasant side of human nature in the selfishness induced by intense concentration on her own feelings, in a nature that is otherwise open-hearted and generous. She is strongly attached to her cousin and companion Sarah. The two girls have lived hitherto in unreserved intimacy, and yet, though her own love anxieties might have sharpened her quick perceptions, she shows herself altogether blind to the state of Sarah's heart. It never occurs to her that that silent young woman, who has become of a sudden so very odd in her ways, is really pining in secret for Walton, and letting concealment like "a worm in the bud, prey on her damask cheek." Yet all the time the changes of mood of the heiress are putting Sarah through torments of jealousy and apprehension. If Walton is once fairly rejected, there is the hope that he may come back to what Sarah would call his first love—to what he might have characterized himself as a meaningless flirtation. A sharp-sighted girl, saying little and thinking much, she sees all the time even more clearly than Polly, that Walton is unlikely to make a good husband. There is the ring of earnest passion in the words with which she breaks out hotly on one occasion, when Polly is discussing the propriety of engaging herself to Walton, and weighing the chances of being reasonably happy with him. She asks the advice of Sarah, as that of a thoroughly disinterested party, and of course without the slightest intention of taking it. Sarah flashes out, "I will tell you what I would do—I would leave him to the woman who cares enough for him to risk her happiness on the chance of keeping him straight; and who, failing in that, would still be faithful to him when he sank into the worst state of poverty." Even then, notwithstanding the fervour of the words and the violence of the gesture, Polly suspects nothing of the passion that prompted them. No wonder that Sarah resents a blindness which is not only unfeeling but singularly unflattering; and when her jealousy makes her guilty of rather a malicious action afterwards, we cannot help feeling that there was every excuse for her. We fully appreciate the principle of art which groups the minor interests and personages round a single prominent central figure. Yet, considering the part she has to play in the story, Mr. Gibbon keeps Sarah somewhat too much in the background. We rather surmise her actual idiosyncrasy than understand it. And our sympathies with her in her unfortunate attachment and trying domestic circumstances are but languid, because it is only laterly we recognize that she is really a very attractive young girl, who might aspire without presumption to captivate the volatile Mr. Walton.

A more commonplace writer must have brought his story to an abrupt conclusion with the generous devotion of Michael Hazell on the death of his father. The old man's end had been hastened by some business anxieties. A county bank had come suddenly to grief; and an exceedingly bad case of bankruptcy it must have been, since next to nothing was paid in the pound. Polly's fortune

had gone in the crash; and, by her father's will—by the way, one of the oddest and most fantastical we remember to have met with in the pages of fiction—old Hazell was in some measure morally responsible. He agrees with his son that Polly must be saved, as far as possible, from the consequences of the failure; but his natural idea is that the cousins, who seem such excellent friends, should fulfil the dearest wish of his heart and marry. Michael Hazell goes much further. He desires that his father should make a will leaving his money to Polly, as being merely the settlement of her lawful claims; so that, in place of being fettered to him by an intolerable obligation, she shall be free to wed Walton or anybody else. And he goes the length of deceiving his father into destroying the will in which he had set out the true state of the case. Polly gets scent of the pious fraud, and with womanly ingenuity and perseverance puzzles out all the facts. Is it credible or natural, we ask, that instead of being melted by Michael's self-denying tenderness for her and by his delicate generosity, she makes a bitter grievance of his having sought to deceive her, and treats him with a petulant severity that reduces him to wretchedness and despair? It is true that she loves and respects him in her heart all the time, as she well may do; that she is treasuring a withered rosebud of his as a love-gage; and that her aggressive petulance is in great measure simulated. But we repeat that we decline to believe for a moment that a girl of her honourable and warm-hearted character could have been warped into a course of ungrateful injustice which must have troubled her conscience with intolerable qualms. We think we have said enough to prove our assertion that Mr. Gibbon carries ingenuity too far in imagining refinements of subtlety in the behaviour of his characters. But at all events it is a fault on the right side, though he would draw his sketches more true to the life were he to put some check on the exuberance of his fancy.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

COUNT ADHÉMAR D'ANTIOCHE'S *Deux diplomates* (1) is not exactly a book for the general reader, but it is likely to prove interesting to those who have studied the political history of Europe towards the middle of the nineteenth century. The two diplomatists are Count Raczynski, a Polish nobleman who attained a high position in the Prussian diplomatic service, and the better known Spaniard, Donoso Cortes, Marquis of Valdegamas. The book consists of an interchange of letters between the two extending over the period 1848-1851. It thus deals chiefly with the troubles of the first year and their settlement, the establishment of the French Empire, &c. Both Raczynski and Cortes were fervent Anglophobes, and this book is a good reminder of the time when Palmerston was the bugbear of half Europe. "L'Angleterre c'est le mal," says one correspondent, and the other remarks that he has made against us "le serment d'Annibal." Putting this frame of mind aside as a curiosity, and noting as its corollary the frantic terror of "la Révolution" which both writers display, we may say that on some isolated points, such as the character of the Third Napoleon and his rule, interesting views and opinions are given.

The title of M. Paquier's history (2) is perhaps a little misleading. The reader may expect to find it occupied with an account of the deeply interesting subject of the old provincial autonomies of France, and of their modification and gradual absorption. As a matter of fact, however, it is rather a discursive essay on the general history of the country as modified by the general history of Europe. Digressions are frequently made of an even less relevant character, as when M. Paquier deals lengthily with the rise and establishment of the Prussian and Russian monarchies. Indeed the book seems to be rather a channel for the conveyance of a certain number of general historical *aperçus* than a systematic treatise on its subject, or on any subject. It winds up oddly enough with a tirade against this country. We made France our catspaw in the Crimea (where it hurt our *amour propre* that she saved us at Inkermann), in China, in Mexico; we nearly wrecked the Suez Canal; we spoilt the chance of checking Prussia by refusing to interfere in behalf of Denmark; we left France in the lurch in the war of 1870; and (crowning injury!) we sent her "sacks of potatoes" afterwards. The passage has not only intrinsic interest for Englishmen, but exhibits well enough the engaging desultoriness of M. Paquier's method.

The group of great soldiers of various ranks who helped in the early part of the seventeenth century to carry out the ambitious designs of Henry IV. and of Richelieu, and who threw the appearance of military glory over the earlier part of the reign of Louis XIV., occupy an important place in military biography. M. Bourrelly's hero (3) was almost as typical of the less splendidly descended class of these warriors as his brother Marshal, d'Artagnan, whose memoirs suggested to the genius of the elder Dumas his most famous, and perhaps his best, work. Fabert was a member of a family which, while nominally noble and possessed of considerable property, did not scorn to pursue various profitable avocations of a commercial

(1) *Deux diplomates*. Par le Comte Adhémar d'Antioche. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Histoire de l'Unité politique et territoriale de la France*. Par J. B. Paquier. Tomes 2-3. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Le Maréchal de Fabert*. Par J. Bourrelly. Première partie, 1599-1652. Paris: Didier.

and semi-commercial kind. His father was a celebrated printer, and the young soldier himself at a later period derived revenues, very large for the time, from some iron works in the neighbourhood of Metz, which was the seat of the family. But he early showed ability and taste for military pursuits, and the Thirty Years' War gave him ample employment. His first patron was the Duke d'Epemon, and this for a time made him rather obnoxious to the young King Louis XIII., and his favourites. But Fabert's bravery and military skill, with or without patronage, made his way, and Richelieu was not a man to discourage such an officer, whose birth was not likely to render him dangerous to the State, and whose military capacity could do it service. When this volume (which is to be followed by another) closes we leave Fabert governor of Sedan, a peculiarly important post because of the neighbourhood of the frontier and the machinations of the dispossessed Duke of Bouillon. This government he held for many years, including the earlier period of the Fronde, where the narrative for the time ceases.

Two more bulky volumes of M. Thiers's speeches (4) cover the years 1842-1848. Among the speeches of more or less general interest which they contain may be mentioned two on the vexed question of the right of search, 1842; one (with references in others) on the Tahiti business, 1844; one, of peculiar interest when we remember what happened later, on the fortifications of Paris; and several pronounced in February 1848, and dealing with not a few of the circumstances which led to the Revolution.

There are few classes of books to which the historian of the dignified kind is more indebted than that to which M. de Calonne's work (5) belongs, nor are there many which have a greater interest for the general reader who has some tincture of history. The title describes it fairly enough. It is a careful summary of what may be called fifteenth-century daily life in Amiens, Abbeville, and other towns of the same district. Municipal offices, food supply, prices, finance, charity, the administration of justice, military arrangements, and so forth, have each its chapter, and in each a crowd of interesting facts will be found. M. de Calonne is evidently a believer, though not a fanatical believer, in the good old times. In one respect he certainly makes good his case, as far as figures go. It has often been debated whether the material comfort of the lower classes has or has not kept pace with the development of wealth and luxury among the upper. Macaulay, it will be remembered, as regards England in the seventeenth century, took the side of the progressists very decidedly. M. de Calonne, as regards France in the fifteenth, takes with equal decision and with more accurate and elaborate figures the side of the past. He points out that at that time the daily pay of a fully qualified mason, carpenter, or other such workman, was equal to about seven francs—much higher than the corresponding amount now. But the actual value is even more in favour of the fifteenth century, inasmuch as the workman's daily pay would have enabled him to buy forty-eight pounds of bread, three gallons of wine, two hundred eggs, or eight pounds of butter, any one of which purchases would, it is hardly necessary to say, cost far more than seven francs now. This is only an instance of the kind of information which is contained in abundance in this very interesting and well-arranged book. The sections devoted to municipal, military, and charitable arrangements are particularly well worth attention.

The thirteenth and fourteenth volumes of M. R. St. Hilaire's History of Spain (6), which conclude the work, cover the period from 1764 to 1833. The greater part of the space is naturally taken up with the Peninsular War, of which M. St. Hilaire gives an account not aiming at any special picturesqueness, but clear, fair, and, to the best of our examination, accurate. His notices of Wellington are very different from the usual French treatment of that general, though, on the other hand, he has adopted the somewhat exaggerated condemnation of Soult which has become fashionable among those who wish to excuse the failures of the French in the Peninsula. That Spain and the Spaniards play the least part in these volumes is not the fault of M. St. Hilaire. The really interesting part of Spanish history had passed before they begin.

Some books of travel, more or less attractive in themselves, also illustrate different ways of writing such things. MM. Verbrughe (7) occasionally fall into the rather painful mood of jerky jocularly which too many travellers think it necessary to assume. But, on the other hand, their descriptions of scenery and atmospheric effects are frequently much above the average, and the subject gives them good scope. The book records a journey round rather than through South and Central America, with delays of some length on the Amazon, in Peru, and in Columbia. The Amazonian portion suffers, as do most books dealing with that subject, from comparison with Mr. Bates, though MM. Verbrughe are much more deliberately picturesque than that excellent naturalist and topographer. In less trodden ways they show to better advantage. On the other hand, the well-known author of *Le Pays des Millions* is nothing if not a dramatic traveller. M. Tissot (8)

(4) *Discours parlementaires de M. Thiers*. Tomes 6, 7. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *La vie municipale au XV^e siècle dans le nord de la France*. Par le Baron A. de Calonne. Paris: Didier.

(6) *Histoire d'Espagne*. Par R. St. Hilaire. Tome 13, 14. Paris: Ferne, Jouvet, & Cie.

(7) *Forêts vierges*. Par L. and G. Verbrughe. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(8) *Voyage au pays des Tziganes*. Par Victor Tissot. Paris: Dentu.

is to be congratulated on the interesting conversations he has wherever he goes, on the cordial welcomes with which he meets, and above all on the extraordinary beauty of the damsels who everywhere present themselves to his enraptured gaze. Istria, Croatia, and Hungary are still sufficiently little known countries to give a traveller of this kind great advantages, and M. Tissot has produced a lively and readable book. It is, as we have hinted, written in ink of very bright rose colour, the actual attractions of the countries travelled through being evidently enhanced to the traveller by the fact that his foes the Germans are not popular there. M. Tissot tells us with much reliable how, something once having been lost in a mixed company, the only German present was promptly charged (on no other evidence than his nationality) with the theft, the stolen property being immediately discovered on him. But, apart from ebullitions of childishness like this, the book is not unamusing, though the salt-cellar is, we think, occasionally necessary during its perusal. M. Cotteau (9), again, represents a third order of travellers, and to our mind the best of the three. His subject is of course a sufficiently hackneyed one, though less so to his own countrymen than to us. But the narrative of his three or four months' run through India and Ceylon is very fluently and pleasantly written, free alike from travellers' jocosity and from travellers' tales, and quite readable even by those to whom Ellora and Madura, Elephanta and the Taj, are very familiar stories. The tour was only finished a twelvemonth ago, and therefore may probably claim to be the most recent book on India. It is, however, simply a sketch of a tour, and does not pretend to any but very occasional reflections, political or other.

The seventh volume of M. Baillon's elaborate and profusely illustrated work on botany (10) includes the families of Melastomaceæ, Cornaceæ, Umbellifereæ, Rubiaceæ, Valerianaceæ, and Dip-sacaceæ.

Dr. Lesson (11) appears to have served for many years in the medical department of the French navy, especially in Polynesia. His stay in that part of the world seems to have terminated in 1850, but we gather from the preface that want of official encouragement deterred him from an earlier publication of his researches. The present bulky volume is only the beginning of a work intended to prove, contrary to the general opinion, that the Polynesian races must have originated in New Zealand, or thereabouts. It contains elaborate anthropological details of the inhabitants of the various groups. These details do not wholly exclude manners and customs, but are chiefly occupied with physical and linguistic characteristics.

The title of Dr. Joyau's thesis (12) may strike some readers as rather an odd one. Instead of invention, we might almost read imagination, for it is with this faculty and its applications that he principally busies himself. The essay is well written, and not uninteresting to read. It is distinguished from much of the philosophical writing of the day, and assimilated to that of the last and preceding centuries, by being much less full of technicalities and by not being definitely attached to any school.

"The Logic of Hypothesis" (13) is a sufficiently scholarly handling of a not very different subject treated in a somewhat stricter form. M. Naville discusses the uses and limitations of hypothesis in science, partly from the historic, partly from the critical side; and, according to a good old practice, now too much neglected, he has added an appendix of objections or queries, with replies thereto.

M. Paulhan's contribution (14) to the *Bibliothèque utile* is, like most of the volumes of the series, popular, not to say anecdotal, and abounds in extracts.

La question du divorce is (15), as may perhaps have been anticipated, a very well written book which had much better not have been written at all. In form it is a reply to a certain Abbé Vidieu, whose intellectual calibre may be inferred from the fact that he seems to have informed the congregation of St. Roch that in the market-places of London and other English towns unhappy women, with downcast eyes, may be seen put up for sale by their brutal husbands. It is only fair to the Abbé to mention his perfectly true statement that no such sight can be seen in Catholic Ireland. It appears, moreover, that the British Government has in vain endeavoured to get the odious law altered. Of such an antagonist M. Dumas has of course, as he would himself say, *beau jeu*. His method reminds students of French literature of that of certain of the *philosophes* of the last century, and especially of Helvétius in his famous book. There is a wonderful parade of learning, which, somehow or other, is generally directed to the extraction of matters which might quite as well have been left in their obscurity. There are passages of real literary merit, and indeed of eloquence, in the book, but its compound of virtuous indignation and questionable details is not pleasing.

M. Dumas has preferred to occupy himself rather with the Abbé Vidieu than with Père Didon (16), though there is some

(9) *Promenade dans l'Inde*. Par E. Cotteau. Paris: Plon.

(10) *Histoire des plantes*. Par H. Baillon. Tome 7. Paris: Hachette.

(11) *Les Polynésien*. Par le Dr. A. Lesson. Tome 1. Paris: Leroux.

(12) *L'invention dans les arts, dans les sciences et dans la pratique de la vertu*. Par E. Joyau. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(13) *La logique de l'hypothèse*. Par E. Naville. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(14) *Physiologie de l'esprit*. Par F. Paulhan. "Bibliothèque utile." Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(15) *La question du divorce*. Par A. Dumas fils. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(16) *Indissolubilité et divorce*. Par le Père Didon. Paris: Dentu.

reference to the latter in his volume. The Jesuit Father's sermons on the subject were, it may be remembered, interrupted, but not because they were in any way scandalous. Père Didon, like some others of his order, is a great advocate of the reconciliation, where possible, of the Church with the modern spirit. These sermons are spirited and sometimes eloquent; but, as is the wont of their kind, somewhat deficient in argumentative force, and especially in attention to the arguments of the other side. Père Didon is particularly weak in dealing with (or rather in avoiding) the great contention of M. Naquet's partisans, that the marriage tie, though nominally indissoluble in France, is worn more loosely there than in any other country.

M. Hovelacque's lecture on secular and religious instruction (17) has at least the merit of being outspoken. The author thinks Christian morality and teaching bad in themselves, and says so. Unfortunately for him, he does not write well or argue forcibly, so that his contribution is hardly likely to be welcome even to his own side.

Admiral Jurien de la Gravière's treatment, from the point of view of modern and professional seamanship, of the naval incidents recorded by Herodotus and Thucydides (18) is full of interest, but would have been better if it had been cut down to half the length. A good many rhetorical ornaments could be spared, and the recounting of much miscellaneous history is also superfluous. If these things were struck out, an essay of moderate bulk would remain which would be equally welcome to students of antiquity and to those who care for antiquity only in so far as it bears on the present. The Admiral's indication of the points in which modern naval warfare is reverting to something like the conditions of the oldest maritime tactics known, though not exactly novel, is worth attention.

The sixth volume of M. Louis Blanc's *Dix ans de l'histoire d'Angleterre* (19) is less interesting than some of its forerunners. The abortive Reform Bill of 1866, the Austro-Prussian war of the same year, and the agitation of the Jamaica Committee, are M. Blanc's chief subjects, and the volume is less diversified than usual by comment on social and miscellaneous matters.

On the other hand, the third volume of *Le livre de bord* (20) fully maintains its interest. The heads of each chapter are full of attraction to those who are familiar with the French literary history of the last half-century, and the contents will prove excellent reading, whether the reader be provided or not with this previous acquaintance. Lassailly, one of the least known, but not least gifted, of the second division of romanticists, Mme. de Girardin, her husband, Emile Deschamps, Pradier, Gérard de Nerval—this list is only a selection of the names concerning whose owners M. Karr gives all kinds of quaint gossip, almost always amusing, sometimes pathetic, and, let it be added, not often other than good-natured. The odd history of Lassailly is perhaps the most characteristic of the batch. This Bohemian, in the proper sense of the term, was once seized by Balzac with a view to the appalling process which in Balzac's language was called collaboration, and found himself after a time simply obliged to fly for his life. Latterly he spent all the money he earned in opera tickets that he might at a distance worship an unknown beauty. There is also a great deal of space devoted to Victor Hugo in the volume, and not a few of the facts or assertions will be useful to the composer of M. Hugo's biography when the day—let us hope still distant—comes for the discharge of that difficult task.

George Sand's memory has not been much served by the republication of her *Souvenirs* of 1848 (21). They are mostly articles in the author's "preaching" style, destitute of incident or fact, and hardly of much value even to the historian. We may except a charming pair of letters between a workman who has been left in Paris and his wife who has fled to her parents in the country. Besides these *Souvenirs*, the volume contains a large number of short prefatory notices contributed to books which are hardly in any one case remembered or worth remembering.

The "little citizen" of M. Jules Simon's book (22) is treated somewhat after the same fashion as Masters Sandford and Merton, and instructed as to the theory of civil marriage, the principles of '89, the processes of the code, and the importance of not marrying till you can keep a family, by an excellent godfather. It is a harmless little book, though it occasionally approaches what Mr. Carlyle used to call a "dull-snuffing" tone.

The letters of Mme. de Gérando (23), friend of Mme. Recamier, Mme. de Staël, &c., and wife of a sufficiently well-known husband, exhibit the writer in an amiable light, but are somewhat deficient in incident and attraction.

Yet another collection of Gautier's scattered newspaper articles has appeared (24); and, like its forerunners, it is welcome. Most

of the contents of the volume come from a long defunct periodical called *La charte* de 1830; and, as the only known file of this perished during the Commune, the collection is believed to be still far from complete. There is the widest diversity of subject, though in all the papers the "gold powder" which, as M. Karr says, Théophile Gautier used to scatter over everything that he treated, is apparent. An amusing piece of exaggeration, entitled "*Au bord de l'océan*," may perhaps be specially mentioned. Some literary notices, reprinted from Crepet's excellent *Poètes français*, are of a higher order, but they are also much better known.

Henry Gréville's "Sketches" (25) are short stories, mostly dealing with Russian subjects, and therefore of the author's best and most welcome brand. The first, a pathetic legend of dog-poisoning, and the last but one, an amusing story of a practical joke played upon a rather dangerous butt—the Emperor Nicholas—are perhaps the best. Nearly all, however, are well enough suited to fill up a spare ten minutes, though they are not exactly masterpieces. *Le château des épines* (26) is a novel of strong situations. It begins with what looks like a murder, and ends with what is a great hardship inflicted by the operation of the French code—that code in which some authorities would have us see the perfection of justice and mercy. M. Ulbach would perhaps have done more wisely if he had adopted situations a little less strong, but his novel is by no means without merit. We do not know that we can say the same of the tales of M. Paul Alexis (27). M. Alexis is a fervent admirer of M. Zola, and he prefaces his book with a tribute to his model, and a profession of the strictest naturalist faith. It is therefore not surprising to find in his work nothing above the level of newspaper reporting (with a preference for subjects which in England are not usually reported), and a total absence of humour, sense of proportion, and most other literary merits. Fortunately M. Assollant (28) has not forgotten that he is a Frenchman, and that therefore neither a belief in naturalism nor in anything else authorizes him to be dull. *Hyacinthe* is a very amusing picture of provincial life, perfectly natural if not naturalist, and agreeably destitute of the slightest intention to support or attack any theory of morals or literature. Perhaps one ought to be a little grateful to M. Zola and his school for the feeling of delight experienced in shutting their books, and passing to some author who does not think that the ideal writer is he who has the impudence to write what few people would have the impudence to say.

(25) *Croquis*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(26) *Le château des épines*. Par Louis Ulbach. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(27) *La fin de Lucie Pellegrin*. Par Paul Alexis. Paris: Charpentier

(28) *Hyacinthe*. Par Alfred Assollant. Paris: Dentu.

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(21) *Souvenirs* de 1848. Par George Sand. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(22) *Le livre du petit citoyen*. Par Jules Simon. Bibliothèque des Ecoles et des Familles. Paris: Hachette.

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